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PILLOW LACE.

My hands among my bobbins,
My pillow on my knee,
One summer morn I weaved me
A foolish fantasy.

And when my mother called me
To help her in her toil,
I prayed her let me finish
My dainty, filmy coil.

For slightest webs of fancy,
The gauziest of dreams,
My wilful thought was weaving
Beneath the morning gleams.

The gossamer was floating
Upon the clear blue air,
I wished *mine* on my pillow
Were half as fine and fair!

For airier web no toiler
Or weaver ever knew —
A cradle for a sunbeam,
A chariot for the dew!

I climbed on listening fancies
As airy and as fine,
No aeronaut's adventures
So daring were as mine!

Our lowly cottage dwelling
Had changed to castle fair,
With park and deer and pleasure,
And *I* was dwelling there.

And robed in filmy laces,
And draped in silken sheen,
How scornfully I bore me
As beauty's favored queen!

Then who should from the castle
Come sit beside our door,
But gentle Lady Alys,
Who loves to help the poor.

She might have guessed my dreamings,
She might have known how vain
Had been the airy ventures,
The laughter of my brain.

She said my work was idle,
She feared my pretty face
Would make me vain and thoughtless,
She feared my pillow lace!

And then she read the gospel,
And prayed me turn my mind
To that most true adorning
Which maids may seek and find.

Ah, then upon my pillow
Fell fast the dew of tears,
My true repentance pleading
For holier days and years.

And ever since that morning,
When daily toil is o'er,
And I beside my mother
Am sitting at the door,

My hands among my bobbins,
My pillow on my knee,
I pray that true and duteous
My daily life may be.

My thoughts are ever busy,
I use my spirit wings
To reach the happy region
Of true and holy things.

The pattern of life's story
The unseen hand shall trace,
While, peaceful and contented,
I weave my pillow lace.

Sunday Magazine. CLARA THWAITES.

SPRING UNDER CYPRESSES.

UNDER the cypresses, here in the stony
Woods of the mountain, the Spring too is
sunny:

Rare Spring and early,
Birds singing sparsely,

Pale sea-green hellebore smelling of honey.

Desolate, bright, in the blue Lenten weather
Cones of the cypresses sparkle together,
Shining brightly

As, loosely and lightly,
The winds lift the branches and stir them and
feather.

Where the sun pierces, the sharp boulders
glitter

Desolate, bright; and the white moths flitter
Pallidly over

The bells that cover

With faint-smelling green all the fragrant
brown litter.

Down in the plain the sun ripens for hours;
Look! in the orchards a mist of pale flowers;

Past the rose hedges

A-bloom to the edges,

A smoke of blue olives, a vision of towers!

Here only hellebore grows, only shade is;

Surely the very Spring here half afraid is;

Out of her bosom

Drops not a blossom,

Mutely she passes through — she and her ladies.

Mutely? Ah, no; for a pause, and thou hearest
One bird who sings alone — one bird, the dear-
est.

Nay, who shall name it,

Call it or claim it?

Such birds as sing at all sing here their clearest.

Ah, never dream that the brown meadow
thrushes,

Finches, or happy larks sing in these hushes.

Only some poet

Of birds, flying to it,

Sings here alone, and is lost to the bushes.

Athenæum.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE ROYAL MAIL.*

IN one of those pleasant works associated with our childhood, when learning was made easy by the means of "Parent's Assistants" and "Compendiums of Knowledge," a father astonishes his young family by the enumeration of the number of persons employed in their service. He mentions amongst others that he has always a messenger ready to bring him a letter from almost any part of the civilized world. The children are at first perfectly astonished at the amount of untold wealth their father must possess to maintain such an establishment, when the shrewdest of the family suggests that these messengers are paid for by the post-office. There was, however, a great moral in the parent's teaching, for the universality of a blessing by no means diminishes the advantage to the individual. The warmth of the sun is not the less a blessing because it shines on the just and unjust. To all intents and purposes her Majesty's mails are carried for the interest of every individual in the country: whether he dwell in the palace, in the garret, or the cellar—all are equally served; privileged classes are unknown to the letter-carrier. If ever there was a democratic community, it is that of letters. For some hours peer and peasant—even her Majesty and the village cobbler—are thrown together in the letter-bag, and arrive the same hour at their destination. In no other department of the public service is there so entire an absence of any social distinction of rank or wealth. The sorter cares little whether he handles the coronet of the earl or the thimble-wax impression of John Smith, the indorsement of the statesman or the pot-hooks of the child,—all are tossed together into the bag in close companionship until they arrive at their final destination.

This equality was not, however, fully developed until Sir Rowland Hill introduced that great change—greater than any preceding social change—the penny postage. Until then, correspondence was

practically the privilege of the rich. When letters were charged by the distance, and the whole system was based on differential rates, the poorer classes derived little advantage from any postal arrangements. The penny postage, so far as the masses were concerned, was the commencement of the postal service in Great Britain. Until then, families broken up and separated were frequently without any intercommunication for years, and had to resort to the most curious expedients to avoid paying postage. Sir Rowland Hill used to relate the following anecdote:—

Some years ago, when it was the practice to write the name of a member of Parliament for the purpose of franking a newspaper, a friend of mine, previous to starting on a tour into Scotland, arranged with his family a plan of informing them of his progress and state of health without putting them to the expense of postage. It was managed thus: he carried with him a number of old newspapers, one of which he put into the post daily. The postmark and the date showed his progress, and the state of his health was evinced by the selection of the names from a list previously agreed upon, with which the newspaper was franked. Sir Francis Burdett, I recollect, denoted vigorous health.

Once on the poet's [Coleridge's] visit to the Lake district, he halted at the door of a wayside inn at the moment when the rural postman was delivering a letter to the barmaid of the place. On receiving it she turned it over and over in her hand, and then asked the postage of it. The postman demanded a shilling. Sighing deeply, the girl handed the letter back, saying she was too poor to pay the required sum. The poet at once offered to pay the postage, and did so. The messenger had scarcely left the place when the young barmaid confessed she had learnt all she was likely to learn from the letter; that she had only been practising a preconceived trick—she and her brother having agreed that a few hieroglyphics on the back of the letter should tell her all she wanted to know, whilst the letter would contain no writing. (*The Royal Mail*, pp. 181, 182.)

When we consider the interests of hearts and homes, it is clear that nothing has tended so much to add to the happiness of the world as the post-office; it unites kingdoms and societies, strengthens the ties of family and affection, re-

* *The Royal Mail: its Curiosities and Romance.* By James Wilson Hyde, Superintendent in the General Post-Office, Edinburgh. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1885.

lieves the minds of the anxious, and soothes the sufferer in his sickness and loneliness. It is a trite observation that men never value blessings until they are deprived of them. The expedition and regularity of the post-office service is most appreciated when there is any mishap, and a mail is delayed a day, or even a few hours. What consternation is caused by a missing mail-bag! the non-arrival of an expected letter has been known to agitate even the most gentle natures. The magnitude of the interest in the post-office may in some measure be realized when we read in the twenty-ninth report of the postmaster-general, that thirteen hundred and twenty-three millions of letters passed through the British post-office last year. What imagination can grapple with such stupendous figures? Four million letters stamped in the United Kingdom every day! And the average rate of letters per head of the population is 36 in the United Kingdom; in the United States it is 21; in France it is 15; in Germany 13; in Italy 6; and in Spain 5.

No other period can be compared to the last half century in the marvellous progress science has made, and in the application of science to the conquest of time and space, and most especially in its application to the postal service throughout *Europe*. We underline *Europe*, for we learn from Marco Polo that the post was established in China before our Norman Conquest. Every twenty-five miles there were post stations, called *jambes*, and frequently as many as three or four hundred horses kept at one of these stations. There were ten thousand of these stations in the empire, and more than two hundred thousand horses are said to have been engaged in the service; but this gigantic empire, which combined marvellous knowledge with the lowest barbarism, walled in its civilization, and the very existence of the empire itself was scarcely realized at the time when the first post known in Europe was planned by Charlemagne in A.D. 807. This, however, led to little result, and it was not until the thirteenth century that the Hanse Towns established a regular post. This federation of republics required constant commu-

nication, for their commercial interests were very great, and a rapid interchange of views and opinions was essential for its continuance. A post was said to have been organized in the reign of the emperor Maximilian by the princes of the house of Thurn and Taxis. At all events, at the present time that family enjoys certain privileges in consequence of the services they have rendered to the postal department.

It is in this country, where manufactures flourished, and the British flag was seen flying in the most distant seas, that the importance of intercommunication was most felt. The rise and progress of this vast agent of commerce and civilization cannot fail to be interesting to a large class of readers, who will derive a large amount of valuable and amusing information from two works of great merit; the one entitled "The Royal Mail," a new publication, which stands at the head of this article, and the other "Her Majesty's Mails," by William Lewins, published in 1864, in which the history of the rise of the post-office is told from its earliest commencement. It seems that the establishment of a regular riding-post dates from Edward IV.; but private letters were sent by special messengers, called *nuncii*, so far back as the time of Edward II. In general, these *nuncii* were employed in the government service. The first recognized head of the post-office as a government department dates from Henry VIII. The rebel lords, who played so conspicuous a part in his reign, improved on the royal posts, and had regular messengers employed between Hull and York, York and Durham, Durham and Newcastle. By the 2 & 3 Edward VI., a charge of one penny per mile was fixed on all horses used by the post riders. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the expenses of the post-office amounted to £6,000 a year. This was classed under the head of the "wages and entertainment of the ordinary post." The post road from London to Berwick followed exactly the line of the present Great North Road. At this time there was a post from London to Ireland, *via* Holyhead; one to Bristol, and to Dover. Occasionally there were extraordinary

posts, especially when any unwelcome news arrived from France, "for the speedy advertisement of the same." In the early part of the queen's reign, the Flemings, who were driven out of Flanders by the persecutions of Alva and Phillip II. were permitted to have a post of their own. Some time after, they claimed, says Stowe, the right of having their own postmaster. This claim was not, however, long recognized, and Thomas Randolph was appointed the first postmaster of the English and foreign offices.

Under the Tudor dynasty a new social era dawned on England, and with that came the rapid extension of the postal service: this again led to the progress of ideas, as intelligence was more speedily spread through the country. Crabbe tells us, —

A master passion is the love of news.

The "*ἑρσις το νεου*" is a query not limited to the Athenian, or to any clime or age. Until the age of Queen Bess, remote villages were ignorant even of the most important events which occurred in the metropolis. Perhaps such ignorance was bliss, and they were happier in their isolation; but when once the government couriers were introduced, although they were not the bearers of private letters, their advent into the village was a great event. The travelling pedlars, with their packs of goods and news, now lost much of their importance. It was only at the close of the queen's reign that the riding couriers were superseded by carts or rude wagons, in imitation of one which, at the commencement of her reign, had been invented for her Majesty's use. Until then the queen had, like every one else, travelled on horseback. Judges rode the circuit in jack-boots; ladies mostly on pillions, fastened behind their cavaliers. In this primitive style the queen, on her first entry to the city, rode behind the lord chancellor. We can scarcely picture her Majesty Queen Victoria trusting herself behind Lord Selborne. It was, however, when a Scotch king ascended the throne of England, that the absolute necessity of greater intercourse between England and Scotland led to an immediate improve-

ment in the post. Private correspondence was then taken into consideration, and postal rates were first established. The charge was twopence for a single letter for any distance under eighty miles, and fourpence from eighty to one hundred and forty miles, sixpence for any longer distance in England, eightpence to Scotland; but it must be remembered that the value of money was ten times greater than at present, so it is not surprising that, although so much was done to develop the postal arrangements, there was no increase in the revenue: the rates were quite prohibitory. At that time few persons could afford to pay sixpence — that is, five shillings — for a single letter. The post messengers, therefore, had very little to do, and the smuggling of letters through the country became a regular trade: the consequence was, that in 1680 the revenue from the post-office only amounted to five thousand a year. By a remarkable coincidence, about this time a Mr. John Hill published a slight work in favor of reducing all postal rates to one penny, whatever the distance. It would be curious to know whether this pamphlet and the name in any way suggested the idea of a uniform penny rate to Mr. Rowland Hill.

It was at this date the post-office was for the first time considered of sufficient importance to occupy the attention of Parliament. When an act was introduced "to settle the postage in England, Scotland, and Ireland," in the course of the debate great importance was attached to the commercial and social interests involved in the post-office. Strange, indeed, that these had been so long ignored. Lord Strickland said, "Nothing can more assist trade and commerce than this intercourse." All parties were agreed that the bill was good for commerce; and from this time the post-office was to become an important part of the revenue. It does not appear that the improved organization of the post-office led to the acceleration of the mails. The post took four days between London and Dover; and oxen had frequently to be employed to drag the carriages over the broken roads, and in no instance did the pace ever exceed three miles an hour. In a work called "The

Grand Concern of England," published in 1673, it seems that the roads were so bad, that when a family intended to travel, they frequently sent on servants to investigate the country and report upon the most promising track. Fuller says he frequently saw as many as six oxen employed in dragging a single person to church. During floods, it was not unusual for passengers to remain at some town for days together, until the waters had subsided. We extract from "The Royal Mail" a most graphic description of the state of the roads at this date:—

The first four miles out of Edinburgh, on the road towards London, were described in the Privy Council Record of 1680 to have been in so wretched a state that passengers were in danger of their lives, "either by their coaches overturning, their horse falling, their carts breaking, their loads casting and horse stumbling, the poor people with their burdens on their backs sorely grieved and discouraged; moreover, strangers do often exclaim thereat." . . . The common carrier from Edinburgh to Selkirk, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for the journey going and returning.

An express messenger conveying the news of the death of Charles II., who died on the 6th February, 1685, was received in Edinburgh at one o'clock on the morning of the 10th February. . . . In 1688 it required three months to convey the tidings of the abdication of James II. of England and VII. of Scotland to the Orkney Islands.

Even so late as 1703, in a journey made by Prince George of Denmark from Windsor to Retford,

The length of way was only forty miles, but fourteen hours were consumed in traversing it; whilst almost every mile was signalized by the overturn of a carriage, or its temporary swamping in the mire. Even the royal chariot would have fared no better than the rest had it not been for the relays of peasants who poised and kept it erect by strength of arm, and shouldered it forward the last nine miles, in which tedious operation six good hours were consumed.

The introduction of post carriages was not made without a certain interference with existing interests; and when it was seen that the old mode of travelling on horseback was to be permanently interfered with, great opposition arose on the part of the post riders. Pamphlets were written to denounce the change. In one of these it was asserted that the introduction of stage-coaches was the greatest evil "that had happened of late years to these kingdoms." The pamphlet continues: "Those who travel in coaches contract an

idle habit of body; afterwards they become weary and listless, if they have to ride a few miles — quite unfit to travel on horseback, and are not able to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the fields." The stage-coaches cannot have been very comfortable. M. Sobrière, who landed at Dover at the close of Charles II.'s reign, had not a very exalted idea of the merits of the new post coaches. He says: "That I might not have to use them, I went from Dover to London in a wagon. I was drawn by six horses, placed one after another, and driven by a wagoner who walked by the side of them. He was clothed in black, and appointed in all things like another St. George. He had a brave Montero on his head, and was a merry fellow, fancied he made a figure, and seemed mightily pleased with himself." These stage-wagons, which M. Sobrière refers to, were frequently made use of for passengers as well as merchandise. Smollett and Hogarth have each in their way given an animated description of the strange society that was bundled together in these rough and rude conveyances. In William III.'s reign, a string of wagons travelled between London and Liverpool, starting from Aldermanbury every Monday and Thursday, occupying ten days on the journey in summer, and twelve in winter. On most roads the carriers never changed horses, and were so proverbially slow in the north of England, that the publicans of Furness, in Lancashire, when they saw the conductors of the travelling merchandise trains appear in sight on the summit of Wrynose Hill, on their journey between Whitehaven and Kendal, were jocularly said to begin to brew their beer, to have a stock of good drink ready by the time the travellers reached the village.

Those who lived in the happy days of post horses and royal mails can recall their sensations when the mere act of locomotion was enjoyment. It was the well-known saying of Dr. Johnson, that there was no greater luxury than to travel in a post chaise and four; and, he added, "especially at another person's expense." But without this costly indulgence, royal mails and post coaches rendered travelling — provided the journey was not a very long one — a great pleasure. The box-seat on a well-appointed coach was the best cure for fashionable ailments that any physician could prescribe. Mr. Macadam had brought our roads to the highest state of efficiency. The smart coach with the beautiful team, the driver and

guard in their scarlet liveries, added, wherever they passed, to the interest of the landscape and to the charm of country life. The arrival of the mail was always the great event of the day in town and village. Even at night, as it rattled over the pavement, the tramp of the horses and the twang of the guard's horn, if it roused the light sleepers from their slumber, the awakening was not displeasing. Well does Mr. Hyde, who has for twenty-five years held important situations in the post-office, describe in "The Royal Mail" the pleasure and excitement of the travelling in our youth:—

The mail-coach days [he says] had charms and attractions for travellers, if they at the same time had their drawbacks: the bustle and excitement of the start, when the horses were loosed and the driver let them have rein under the eyes of interested and admiring spectators; the exhilarating gallop as a good pace was achieved on the open country-road; the keen relish of the meals, more especially of breakfast, at the neatly kept and hospitable inn; the blithe note of the guard's horn, as a turnpike-gate or the end of a stage was approached; and the hurried changing of horses from time to time as the journey progressed. Ever-varying scene is the characteristic of the occasion: the village with its rustic quiet, and odd characters who were sure to present themselves as the coach flew by; the fresh and blooming fields; the soft and pastoral downs; the scented hedgerows in May and June; the stretches of road embowered with wood; the farmer's children swinging on a gate or overtopping a fence, and cheering lustily with their small voices as the coach swept along. . . .

Or, on occasions of great national triumph—when, for example, some important victory crowned our arms—the coach, decked out with ribbons or green leaves, would be the bearer of the joyous news down into the country,—the driver and the guard, as the official representatives of the Crown for the moment, being the heroes of the hour.

This graceful and picturesque description shows that the work of the post-office has not blunted the keenness of Mr. Hyde's perceptions or his sense of the poetry of life. But there was something more than poetic interest in the olden days of travel. Moreover, it was something to feel our travelling superiority over all other nations. While the lumbering diligences in France, and the still heavier *Eilwagen* in Germany, were driven by postilions, whose jack boots were alone a sufficient weight for a horse, at a rate of five miles an hour, the average speed of all our mails—including stoppages—was nine miles an hour. But the fast coaches covered sometimes twelve miles within

the hour. The London and Shrewsbury mail accomplished one hundred and eighty-four miles in eighteen hours, London and Holyhead two hundred and sixty-eight miles was travelled in twenty-seven hours, London and Exeter one hundred and seventy-one miles in seventeen hours. This Quicksilver Mail was supposed to be the fastest in England; and there were short distances when the horses were spinning over the ground at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The annual procession of the mails on the king's birthday was a sight which, while it can never be seen again, will never be forgotten by those who have seen it. George IV., who was born on the 12th of August, changed the annual celebration of his birthday to April 23d. The mail coaches then went in procession from Millbank to Lombard Street, about twelve o'clock. The horses belonging to the different mails had entirely new harness; the guards and coachmen, postmen and postboys, were all dressed in their new scarlet uniforms. From Lombard Street the cavalcade passed through the principal streets of the metropolis. It was a grand gala-day, and a display such as no other country could ever show—horses, coaches, harness, all of the best, and the coachmen vying with one another to show off the teams to the best advantage. The drivers and guards wore large bouquets of flowers; the coaches were newly painted and emblazoned with the royal arms.

In the cramped interior of the vehicles were closely packed buxom dames and blooming lasses, the fair passengers arrayed in coal-scuttle bonnets and in canary-colored or scarlet silks. . . . Heading the procession was the oldest-established mail, which would be the Bristol. On the King's birthday, 1834, there were 27 coaches in the procession. They all wore hammer-cloths. Sherman's mails were drawn by black horses, and on these occasions their harness was of red morocco. Many country squires, who were anxious that their best horses should have a few turns in the mail-coaches, sent up their horses to figure in the procession. (The Royal Mail, pp. 73, 74)

The whole pageant was worthy of the occasion—a celebration of the birthday of its sovereign.

Steam is the one great leveller. In its progress all exceptional excellence disappears. No country could rival England in roads, in horses, and coaches, in the beauty of our ships, and the skill of our seamen. The age of these superiorities has passed forever. The rail has superseded Macadam; stokers and pokers take

the place of coachmen and guards; turret-ships and ironclads have swept away our glorious line-of-battle ships and beautiful frigates; engineers are in demand instead of able seamen. The Continent can produce just as good engineers as our own, whether it be to drive the mails or work in the engine room. Stokers and pokers belong to every clime; but the smart drivers of her Majesty's mails, and the old salts sung by Dibdin, belong to the historic past, and we are placed on the same level as all nations, with the same monotony of qualifications.

The earliest postmaster-general and post agents had not an easy time of it. The mails were so irregular, and the complaints so constant, that the ill paid duties of the former became very onerous; and the post agents, especially the packet agents, in time of war were placed in situations not devoid of danger. The instructions to all the packet agents, who were practically in command of the boats, were, "You must run when you can, fight when you can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when you cannot fight." We must refer our readers for most interesting anecdotes of the mail packet service to "The Royal Mail," in the chapter headed "Mail Packets." The vessels were clearly not of a high order of excellence, for one report says: "We do find that in blowing weather they take in so much water that the men are constantly wet through, and can no way go below, being forced to keep the hatches shut to save the vessel from sinking." So perilous was the service, that there was a scale of pensions for wounds. The loss of an eye was £4, both eyes £12. Nor were the letters better protected than their carriers. "We are concerned," says one agent, "to tell you that we find the letters brought by the boat are so consumed by the rats we cannot find out to whom they belong." All government letters were carried free. Even within our memory very curious articles have been sent by the Foreign Office messengers, but we do not imagine such commodities as the following were ever franked:—

Imprimis. "Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass."

Item. "Two maidservants going as laundresses to my lord ambassador."

Item. "Doctor Chrichton, carrying with him a cow and divers necessities."

Item. "Two bales of stockings for the use of the ambassador."

In those days members signed large packets of covers at once, and sold them to

their friends; and so little care was taken, that thousands of letters passed with forged signatures.

The changes from the post riders to mail coaches, and from mail coaches to railways, are not more remarkable than the vast change made in our postal system by the introduction of the penny postage. Sir Rowland Hill has always been considered the originator of the penny postage; but in fact the idea had been started by Professor Babbage some years before, in his work on economy of machinery and manufactures, in which he demonstrated that if the cost of carriage could be reduced, the result would be a cheaper rate of postage, and a great increase in the number of letters. It was, however, Sir Rowland Hill who devoted his time to the completion of the scheme; and in 1837 he embodied it in the pamphlet entitled "Post-office Reform, its Importance and Practicability." This created a great sensation, more especially in the mercantile world. He proved that while the population was rapidly increasing, the post-office revenue was diminishing, and this was chiefly owing to the high rate of postage, and the temptation which it held out for smuggling—whole bales of letters being sent from one town to another as ordinary goods. While in his able pamphlet the subject was exhausted, he maintained that the seventy-six millions of letters, the number which passed through the post-office in 1839, was capable of a large increase; "that it should form a distinguished part in the great work of national education, and of becoming a benefaction and a blessing to mankind." He concluded with proposing—(1) a reduction in the rate to a penny a letter, weighing not more than half an ounce; (2) increased speed in the delivery of letters; (3) more frequent opportunities for the despatch of letters; (4) simplification in all the arrangements with the view to economy. After an examination by a Royal Commission, and a full investigation by a committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Hill's plan was adopted by the Legislature in 1839, and came into operation in 1840, when the number of letters increased from seventy-six to one hundred and sixty-nine millions. The new scheme was received with general approval by the country; but not so by the government and the post-office authorities, who regarded it as suicidal, and most probably likely to be very injurious to the revenue. And certainly these views were not unreasonable. The average charge

for a letter in 1837 was tenpence: it was evident, therefore, that to arrive at the same result when reduced to a penny, the number of letters must increase tenfold — whereas in the first year they had only doubled; and even now that the letters have increased to the enormous amount of thirteen hundred and thirty-three millions, it is a question whether, when we consider the increase of population and popular education, the revenue has not suffered by the change, although the net revenue is this year £2,687,000. But in 1837 the change was dreaded by the authorities for other than financial reasons. Lord Lichfield, the postmaster-general at that time, described the scheme as “wild, visionary, and extravagant.” The walls of the post-office, he added, would burst; the whole area on which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and the letters. In the first instance a fourpenny rate was proposed; but this did not meet the views of either party, and in 1840 a uniform penny rate was adopted.

That the penny postage has added to the happiness and comfort of the nation, and greatly benefited all the commercial classes, cannot be doubted; and yet it took many years before its opponents were fairly convinced of its advantages. While the number of letters increased rapidly, the expenses of the post-office at first increased still faster. The walls of the post-offices did not burst, as Lord Lichfield predicted, but everywhere enlarged accommodation had to be found. Railways supplanted the mails, at an enormous additional expense. For instance, in 1844, a coach-proprietor in the north of England actually paid to the post-office department the sum of £200 annually for what he considered the privilege of conveying the mail twice a day between Lancaster and Carlisle; now the post-office pays the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway £18,000 annually for the same service, and the entire sum paid to the railway companies in 1863 does not fall far short of the whole of the post-office expenses in 1839.

The progress of the post-office since the final establishment of the penny post has exceeded all the most sanguine expectations. Between 1839 and 1880, day mails, rural posts, and free deliveries were established on an enlarged scale. In 1840 the number of rural post-offices was three thousand; they now exceed eight thousand. As to free deliveries, it has been promised that soon the “most remote and

inaccessible parts of our country, the nooks and crannies of the land, will possess the rural postman.” When we recollect the work done in the post-offices, it is something quite extraordinary. The post-office is not only responsible for all home and foreign correspondence; but every postmaster has charge of the book-post department, the telegraph, the money-order office, the savings bank, and now the parcel post. A postmaster or mistress now, in any considerable village, must find their day pretty well occupied, and have little to devote to the shop in which formerly it was in general situated — placed so that those who came to post letters or buy stamps were induced to make purchases. In France the *bureaux de tabac* are an important part of the government patronage: the pay is about six hundred francs a year. But a *bureau de tabac* is considered worth from £300 to £400 a year. The owners have a monopoly of the sale of stamps, and they therefore attract custom; for those who purchase stamps or post orders frequently remain to smoke, or lay in a stock of snuff or tobacco.

Among the sights of London the General Post-office is the most remarkable. No department of the public service conveys a grander idea of the vast enterprise, the commercial greatness, and social requirements of the empire. Throughout the whole day every part of the extensive building presents a busy scene; but it is about six in the evening that the great excitement commences.

Now it is, that small boys of eleven and twelve years of age, panting Sinbad-like under the weight of large bundles of newspapers, manage to dart about and make rapid sorties into the other ranks of boys, utterly disregarding the cries of the official policemen, who vainly endeavor to reduce the tumult into something like post-office order. They will whizz their missiles of intelligence over other people's heads, now and then sweeping off hats and caps with the force of shot. The gathering every moment increases in number; arms, legs, sacks, baskets, heads, bundles, and woollen comforters — for who ever saw a newspaper boy without that appendage? — seem to be getting into a state of confusion and disagreeable communism, and yet “the cry is still they come.” (The Royal Mail, p. 356.)

At that hour, instead of the wide slits for letters and papers, the shutters themselves are thrown open, to receive the storm of letters and papers which are thrown in. Every opening is besieged with an impetuous crowd of men, women, and boys, who defy all the efforts of the

police to keep order, in their anxiety to rid themselves of the huge bundles with which they are laden before the last stroke of the hour of six. Those who are prevented approaching the windows hurl their packages over the heads of others who bar the approach. Sacks and baskets of letters are shovelled into the spaces prepared to receive them. When the clock commences to strike six, the rush becomes greater and greater, the interest more and more intense. One, two, three — the struggle of the outsiders is desperate — four, five, six. And at the stroke the windows fall simultaneously, and all is over. A sudden stillness approaching to awe falls on the multitude. Those who are behindhand may consign their charge calmly into any post-office they pass by, where it will be stamped with the ominous words "Too late!"

The interest of the post-office is now transferred to the interior of the building. There in large halls may be seen hundreds of clerks lifting, arranging, stamping piles of letters. Heaps of correspondence and papers are lying on the floors and raked into large baskets, and carried by lifts or on rails to various parts of the establishment. A number of officers are employed all this time in endeavoring to restore wrappers to newspapers which have been carelessly tied up. Unfastened and torn letters are conveyed to a different part of the building, and the greatest care is taken to endeavor to find out their proper destinations. It is incredible the number of letters that are posted open, without any address whatever. Then there are letters insufficiently stamped and fastened, which contain every variety of female ornament and fashion, jewellery, fans, feathers; not to mention medicines, pill-boxes, many of which fall on the floor when handled by the clerks, and, with as much care as is possible, are replaced in their proper cases. We are called, and are rather proud of being so styled, a practical, careful people: the lost luggage in cabs and at stations testifies that we are exactly the contrary. From £12,000 to £14,000 in money, with no address, or misdirected, and bank government bills, money orders, bills of exchange, that pass through the office which has to rectify blunders, amounts to a very large sum. The trouble it is to discover the owners may well be imagined. In some cases it is impossible: so the report tells us that many presents, such as rings, brooches, various ornaments, never reach their destination, as they are unaccompanied by

any letter. Those become the property of the crown.

In 1855 the first annual report of the post-office was presented to Parliament; and there are no blue-books which afford so much interest. This interest is communicated to all the chiefs of the department and to the body of the officials, for there is none in which there exists such a hearty *esprit de corps*. The whole nation has gratefully recognized the indefatigable zeal and great ability of the late Mr. Fawcett: it would be sufficient praise to say that he adequately filled the place of Lord John Manners, who left amid universal expressions of regret, leaving behind him pleasant memories, not only political, but personal. Lord John Manners's reports are especially full of valuable information. In that of 1877 he states that, during fifteen months, the number of letters received in the returned-letter office was five million eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand; that thirty-three thousand one hundred letters were posted without any address; that seventy-eight thousand stamps were picked up loose; that not unfrequently letters were put into water-hydrants by mistake for letter-boxes; a live snake escaped from a postal packet, and a live horrid frog reached Liverpool from the United States. The report does not state whether it subsisted on the contents of the letter. In the same report we learn that postmen must be peculiarly obnoxious to dogs; for in one town alone twenty per cent. of the letter-carriers were bitten by dogs in that year.

These details are curious, but there is a deeper interest connected with the postal service. It has been already remarked, nowhere are the *fraternité* and *égalité* principles carried out so consistently as in the letter-box; the coronet of the earl jostles with the pauper's wafer; letters of all shapes and colors; tidings of life and death, hope and despair; protestations of affection, indignant refusals, demands for urgent payments, supplications for delay, announcements of birth, last wills and testaments, love-sonnets and sermons, affections and hatreds, blessings and railings, — all the varied complicated relations of a vast artificial society, mingle in the letter-box and mail-bag. Do we ever think, when we see a mail rushing through space, what heart-mysteries and life-interests it carries with it? If to the thoughtful mind the mere presence of a mail-train is so suggestive, it may well be imagined how many tales of sorrow and romance are forced upon the attention of the post-

office authorities or even subordinate employees; what anxieties arise when a foreign mail is overdue. Moreover, to write in haste and repent at leisure is the experience of many an impetuous correspondent, who is ignorant or oblivious of the rule that a letter once posted can never be taken out of the box, that it becomes the property of the postmaster-general until it is delivered to the person to whom it is addressed. The reports give many instances of the painful results of haste and carelessness: "On one occasion a gentlemanly-looking person called and expressed a fear that he had enclosed two letters in wrong envelopes, and that all his prospects in life depended on his having his letters back, and correcting the mistake; inasmuch as they revealed plans which he had adopted to save two mercantile houses in the same line of business, whose interests clashed at every point." A similar blunder occurred in a more delicate affair, when a young lady was most urgent to have her letters returned, as she had accepted the wrong offer of marriage. The local postmaster was unable to resist her earnest entreaties, and thus prevented a painful catastrophe. But a whole romance might be written on the following incident: A young lady, who had been engaged to a prosperous young manufacturer, was informed, a few days before the marriage was fixed for, that the firm was insolvent. Not a moment was to be lost, and a letter was written and posted, breaking the engagement; when, within two hours, it was discovered that the report was entirely unfounded. The report continues: "The daughter with her parents rushed to the post-office, and no words can describe the scene — the appeals, the tears, the wringing of hands, the united entreaties of the family, to have the fatal letter restored, but, alas! all was vain, the rule admitted of no exception."

The blind office is perhaps the part of the building of the greatest interest to visitors. Here a number of clerks, selected from the most efficient of the officers, have to decipher addresses, which to the inexperienced would seem utterly illegible or unintelligible. He should find it difficult what bag to place the enclosed in, —

Coneyach Lunentick
A Siliam.

The clerk strikes his pen through the address, and writes, —

Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum

Again —

Obern Yenen,
is by a stroke of the pen converted into
Holborn Union.

Ann Megs,
Oileywhite,
Amshire.

It is seen that Ann Megs resides in the

Isle of Wight,
Hampshire.

For Mister Willy wot brinds de Baber in Lang
Caster ware te gal is,

puzzled the officers, until it was discovered
it was intended for the editor of a Lan-
caster paper where the jail is.

There was less difficulty in

Queen Vic Tory at Winer Casel,
and to the King of Rusheyn.
Feoren with speed.

Lord John Manners gives a great many
entertaining applications made to the
office, and extraordinary letters received.

May, 1878.

MY LORD, — I ask you for some information
about finding out persons who are missing. I
want to find out my mother and sisters who
are in Australia I believe. If you would find
them out for me please, let me know by return
of Post, and also your charge at the lowest.
Yours, &c.

January 14, 1878.

We heard in the paper about 12 months
back, Mary Ann —, the servant girl in Lon-
don was dead. Please send it to the Printers
office by return of post whether there was a
small fortune left for —.

SPRINGFIELD ILLINOIS U.S.
1 Jan. 1878.

Mr. Postmaster if you would be so kind as
to seek for us work as we are two colored
young men of — Illinois, and would like to
come to England and get work as Coachmen
or race horse trainers, as we have been ex-
perience for twelve years practicing training
— if any further information about it we can
be reckemend to any one that wish to hire us,
pleas to advertise it in the papers for us.

KANSAS
Feb 16 — 1878.

HONERAD SIR, — My Grandfather Mr. John
— made a will on or about 22 Oct. 18—
dated at — leaving to his son, my Father,
£1000, the interest to be paid to him half-
yearly, the prinsaple to be divided among his
children at his death. My father died on the
— last leaving myself and one brother who
wishes you to look up & collect the money for
us.

SIR, — i rite a Line two see if you hard
Enny thing of my husband — that was left

at — ill. please will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trouble.

To Coutroul of the
Dead Office.
Newcastle.

Dec 31 1877.

John — acting as Farmer here would be very much obliged to the Postmaster at — if he would be so good as to name a suitable party at — to whom he might sell a 30 stone pig of good quality well — for he understands it is the best place to sell. The pig is now quite ready for killing.

April 1878.

SIR, — Will you, if you please, let me know if there is such a gentelman as Mr — in —, i beleave he is a Chirch Clurdegman. There is a young man in — who has been engaged to my sister and he says Mrs — at — is his sister. i should very much like to know, if you will oblige me by sending. i thought if Mrs — was his sister i would rite and ask for his charctar because he is a stranger to us all. — please oblige

— KENT.

SIR, — Will you please inform me if there is to be a Baby show this year at Woolwich; if so, where it is to be holden, and what day.

I have enclosed — stamp.

FRANCE.

A Monsieur le
Directeur de la poste de Londres.

J'ai cinquante trois ans. Veuillez être assez bon de me faire réponse pour me donner des résultats sur l'existence de Madame —? Si parfois elle était toujours veuve je voudrais lui faire la proposition de lui demander sa main d'après que j'en aurais des nouvelles. En attendant, Monsieur, votre réponse. — J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.*

Anecdotes connected with the post-office abound in many recent works. We may mention especially the autobiographies of Anthony Trollope and Edmund Yates, both of these distinguished *littérateurs* having filled important posts in that department: it is remarkable how many men of genius have commenced life in St. Martin's-le-Grand. And we may add how deeply the sympathies of noble and generous ladies have been interested in the welfare of the excellent subordinates in this public department. While Mr. Fawcett devoted his wonderful energies to the development of the machinery and the working of all branches of the service, Mrs. Fawcett gave all her heart to the improvement of the homes of those who are toiling for our benefit. Lady John Manners has,

* In addition to the above extracts from the blue-books, in "The Royal Mail" will be found a chapter, headed "Curious Letters addressed to the Post-office," which contains a fund of amusing anecdote. The whole volume is really the romance of a public office.

with the assistance of some philanthropic and benevolent ladies, furnished rooms in different localities, where temporary rest and shelter is provided for the postmen during the brief respite from their daily toil, and where they can appreciate these generous efforts of kind and sympathizing friends. And certainly no class of public servants are worthier of kindness and sympathy, while of all our State departments there is none of which we may be justly prouder.

Time is passing rapidly. We have visited the principal offices. The hall-clock is silently approaching the hour of eight, when the bags must be all sealed and ready to leave. At five minutes to eight all is bustle and activity; at five minutes after eight the halls are silent and deserted, the bags have been collected and placed in the mail-vans, which dash off to the different railway stations. A few minutes more and the mail-trains — those messengers of joy, of sorrow, of hope, rest and unrest — will be rushing through the darkness to their several destinations.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
UNEXPLAINED.

"For facts are stubborn things."
SMOLLETT.

I.

(continued.)

WE had delayed longer than we intended at the china manufactory, and in consequence we were somewhat late at the meeting-place — Ulrichsthal. The gentlemen had arrived there quite an hour before; so they had ordered luncheon, or dinner rather, at the inn, and thoroughly explored the ruin. But dinner discussed, and neither Frau von Walden nor I objecting to pipes, our cavaliers were amably willing to show us all there was to be seen.

The ruins were those of an ancient monastery, one of the most ancient in Germany, I believe. They covered a very large piece of ground, and had they been in somewhat better preservation they would have greatly impressed us; as it was, they were undoubtedly, even to the unlearned in archæological lore, very interesting. The position of the monastery had been well and carefully chosen, for on one side it commanded a view of surpassing beauty over the valley through which we had travelled from Seeberg, while on

the other arose still higher ground, richly wooded — for the irrepressible forest here, as it were, broke out again.

"It is a most lovely spot!" I said with some enthusiasm, as we sat in the shade of the ruined cloisters, the sunshine flecking the sward in eccentric patches as it made its way through what had evidently been richly sculptured windows. "How one wishes it were possible to see it as it must have been — how many? — three or four hundred years ago, I suppose!"

Lutz grunted.

"What did you say, Lutz?" asked his mother.

"Nothing particular," he sighed. "I was only thinking of what I read in the guide-book, that the monastery was destroyed — partly by lightning, I believe, all the same — by order of the authorities, in consequence of the really awful wickedness of the monks who inhabited it. So I am not sure that it would have been a very nice place to visit at the time you speak of, gracious lady, begging your pardon."

"What a pity!" I said, with a little shudder. "I do not like to think of it. And I was going to say how beautiful it must be here in the moonlight! But now that you have disenchanted me, Lutz, I should not like it at all," and I arose as I spoke.

"Why not, mamma?" said Reggie curiously. I had not noticed that he and his sister were listening to us. "They're not here *now*; not those naughty monks."

"No, of course not," agreed practical Nora. "Mamma only means that it is a pity such a beautiful big house as this must have been *had* to be pulled down — such a waste when there are so many poor people in the world with miserable, little, stuffy houses, or none at all even! That was what you meant, wasn't it, mamma?"

"It is always a pity — the worst of pities — when people are wicked, wherever they are," I replied.

"But *all* monks are not bad," remarked Nora consolingly. "Think of the great St. Bernard ones, with their dogs."

And on Reggie's inquiring mind demanding further particulars on the subject, she walked on with him somewhat in front of the rest of us — a happy little pair in the sunshine.

"Lutz," said his father, "you cannot be too careful what you say before children: they are often shocked or frightened by so little. Though yours are such healthy-minded little people," he added, turning to me, "it is not likely anything unde-

sirable would make any impression on them."

I particularly remember this little incident.

It turned out a long walk to Silberbach, the longest we had yet attempted. Hitherto Herr von Walden had been on known ground, and thoroughly acquainted with the roads, the distances, and all necessary particulars. But it was the first time he had explored beyond Seeburg, and before we had accomplished more than half the journey, he began to feel a little alarm at the information given us by the travellers we came across at long intervals "coming from," not "going to St. Ives." For the further we went the greater seemed to be the distance we had to go.

"An hour or thereabouts" grew into "two," or even "three," hours; and at last, on a peculiarly stupid countryman assuring us we would scarcely reach our destination before nightfall, our conductor's patience broke down altogether.

"Idiots!" he exclaimed. "But I cannot stand this any longer. I will hasten on and see for myself. And if, as I expect, we are really not very far from Silberbach, it will be all the better for me to find out the Katze, and see that everything is ready for your animal."

Frau von Walden seemed a little inclined to protest, but I begged her not to do so, seeing that three able-bodied protectors still remained to us, and that it probably was really tiresome for a remarkably good and trained pedestrian like her husband to have to adapt his vigorous steps to ours. And comfort came from an unexpected quarter — the old peasant woman, strong and muscular as any English laborer, whom we had hired at Seeburg to carry our bags and shawls through the forest, overheard the discussion, and for the first time broke silence to assure "the gracious ladies" that Silberbach was at no great distance, in half an hour or so we should come upon the first of its houses.

"Though as for the Katze," she added, "that was further off — at the other end of the village;" and she went on muttering something about "if she had known we were going to the Katze," which we did not understand, but which afterwards, "being translated," proved to mean that she would have stood out for more pay.

Sure enough, at the end of not more than three quarters of an hour we came upon one or two outlying houses. Then the trees, gradually here, grew sparser

and soon ceased, except in occasional patches. It was growing dusk, but as we emerged from the wood we found that we were on a height, the forest road having been a steady, though almost imperceptible, ascent. Far below gleamed already some twinkling cottage lights and the silvery reflection of a small piece of water.

"To be sure," said young Von Trachenfels, "there is a lake at Silberbach. Here we are at last! But where is the Katze?"

He might well ask. Never was there so tantalizing a place as Silberbach. Instead of one compact, sensible village, it was more like three or four — nay, five or six — wretched hamlets, each at several minutes' distance from all the others. And the Katze, of course, was at the further end of the furthest off from where we stood of these miserable little ragged ends of village! Climbing is tiring work, but it seemed to me it would have been preferable to what lay before us, a continual descent, by the ruggedest of hill paths, of nearly two miles, stumbling along in the half light, tired, footsore past description, yet — to our everlasting credit be it recorded — laughing, or trying to laugh, determined at all costs to make the best of it.

"I have no feet left," said poor Frau von Walden. "I am only conscious of two red-hot balls, attached somehow to my ankles. I dare say *they* will drop off soon."

How thankful we were at last to attain to what bore some faint resemblance to a village street! How we gazed on every side to discover anything like an inn! How we stared at each other in bewilderment when at last, from we could not see where, came the well-known voice of Herr von Walden, shouting to us to stop!

"It is here — *here*, I say. You are going too far."

"Here," judging by the direction whence came the words, seemed to be a piled-up mass of hay, of proportions, exaggerated perhaps by the uncertain light, truly enormous. Was our friend buried in the middle of it? Not so. By degrees we made out his sunburnt face, beaming as ever, from out of a window behind the hay — cartful or stack, we were not sure which — and by still further degrees we discovered that the hay was being unloaded before a little house which it had almost entirely hidden from view, and inside which it was being carried, apparently by the front door, for there was no other door to be seen; but as we stood in

perplexity, Herr von Walden, whose face had disappeared, emerged in some mysterious way.

"You can come through the kitchen, ladies; or by the window, if you please." But though the boys, and Nora, were got, or got themselves, in through the window, Frau von Walden and I preferred the kitchen; and I remember nothing more till we found ourselves all assembled — the original eight as we had started — in a very low-roofed, sandy-floored, tobacco-impregnated sort of cabin, which, it appeared, was the *salle à manger* of the renowned hostelry *sur Katze* of Silberbach.

Herr von Walden was vigorously mopping his face. It was very red, and naturally so, considering the weather and the want of ventilation peculiar to the Katze; but it struck me there was something slightly forced about the beamingness.

"So, so," he began; "all's well that ends well! But I must explain," and he mopped still more vigorously, "that — there has been a slight, in short a little, mistake about the accommodation I wish to secure. The supper I have seen to, and it will be served directly. But as to the beds," and here he could not help laughing, "our worthy host has beds enough" — we found afterwards that every available mattress and pillow in the village had been levied — "but there is but one *bedroom*, or two, I may say." For the poor Herr had not lost his time since his arrival. Appalled by the want of resources, he had suggested the levy of beds, and had got the host to spread them on the floor of a granary for himself, the three young men and Reggie; while his wife, Nora, and I were to occupy the one bedroom, which luckily contained two small beds and a sort of settee, such as one sees in old farmhouses all over the world.

So it was decided; and, after all, for one night, what did it matter? For one night? that was for me the question. The supper was really not bad; but the look, and still worse the smell, of the room when it was served, joined no doubt to our excessive fatigue, made it impossible for me to eat anything. My friends were sorry, and I felt ashamed of myself for being so easily knocked up or knocked down. How thoroughly I entered into Frau von Walden's honestly expressed dislike to "roughing it"! Yet it was not only the uncivilized look of the place, nor the coarse food, nor the want of comfort that made me feel that one night of Silber-

bach would indeed be enough for me. A sort of depression, of fear almost, came over me when I pictured the two children and myself alone in that strange, out-of-the-world place, where it really seemed to me we might all three be made an end of without any one being the wiser of it! There was a general look of squalor and stolid depression about the people too: the landlord was a black-browed, surlily silent sort of man, his wife and the one maidservant looked frightened and anxious, and the only voices to be heard were those of half-tipsy peasants drinking and quarrelling at the bar.

To say the least it was not enlivening. Yet my pride was engaged. I did not like to own myself already beaten. After supper I sat apart, reflecting rather gloomily as to what I could or should do, while the young men and the children amused themselves with the one piece of luxury with which the poorest inn in Thuringia is sure to be provided. For, anomalous as it may seem, there was a piano, and by no means an altogether decrepit one, in the sandy-floored parlor.

Herr von Walden was smoking his pipe outside, the hay being by this time housed somewhere or other. His wife, who had been speaking to him, came in and sat down beside me.

"My dear," she said, "you must not be vexed with me for renewing the subject, but I cannot help it; I feel a responsibility. You must not, you really *must not*, think of staying here alone with those two children. It is not fit for you."

Oh, how I blessed her for breaking the ice! I could hardly help hugging her as I replied, diplomatically, —

"You really think so?"

"Certainly I do; and so, though perhaps he won't say so as frankly — so does my husband. He says I am foolish and fanciful; but I confess to feeling a kind of dislike to the place that I cannot explain. Perhaps there is thunder in the air — that always affects my nerves — but I just feel that I *cannot* agree to your staying on here."

"Very well, I am quite willing to go back to Seeberg to-morrow," I replied meekly. "Of course we can't judge of the place by what we have seen of it to-night, but no doubt, as far as the inn is concerned, Seeberg is much nicer. I dare say we can see all we want by noon to-morrow and get back to Seeberg in the afternoon."

Kind Frau von Walden kissed me rapturously on both cheeks.

"You don't *know*, my dear, the relief to my mind of hearing you say so! And now I think the best thing we can do is to go to bed. For we *must* start at six."

"So early!" I exclaimed with a fresh feeling of dismay.

"Yes, indeed; and I must bid you good-bye to-night, for, after all, I am not to sleep in your room, which is much better, as I should have had to disturb you so early. My husband has found a tidy room next door in a cottage, and we shall do very well there."

What sort of a place she euphemistically described as "a tidy room" I never discovered. But it would have been useless to remonstrate, the kind creature was so afraid of incommoding us that she would have listened to no objections.

Herr von Walden came in just as we were about to wish each other good-night.

"So!" he said with a tone of amiable indulgence, "so! And what do you think of Silberbach? My wife feels sure you will not like it after all."

"I think I shall see as much as I care to see of it in an hour or two to-morrow morning," I replied quietly. "And by the afternoon the children and I will go back to our comfortable quarters at Seeberg."

"Ah, indeed! Yes, I dare say it will be as well," he said airily, as if he had nothing at all to do with decoying us to the place. "Then good-night and pleasant dreams, and —"

"But," I interrupted, "I want to know *how* we are to get back to Seeberg. Can I get an *Einspänner* here?"

"To be sure, to be sure. You have only to speak to the landlord in the morning, and tell him at what hour you want it," he answered so confidently that I felt no sort of misgiving, and I turned with a smile to finish my good-nights.

The young men were standing close beside us. I shook hands with Trachenfels and Lutz, the latter of whom, though he replied as heartily as usual, looked, I thought, annoyed. George Norman followed me to the door of the room. In front of us was the ladder-like staircase leading to the upper regions.

"What a hole of a place!" said the boy. "I don't mind quite a cottage, if it's clean and cheerful, but this place is so grim and squalid. I can't tell you how glad I am you're not going to stay on here alone. It really isn't fit for you."

"Well, you may be easy, as we shall only be here for a few hours after you leave."

"Yes; so much the better. I wish I could have stayed, but I *must* be back at Kronberg to-morrow. Lutz could have stayed and seen you back to Seeberg, but his father won't let him. Herr von Walden is so queer once he takes an idea in his head, and he *won't* allow this place isn't all right."

"But I dare say there would be nothing to hurt us. Anyway, I will write to reassure you that we have not fallen into a nest of cutthroats or brigands," I said laughingly.

Certainly it never occurred to me or to my friends what *would* be the nature of the "experience" which would stamp Silberbach indelibly on our memory.

We must have been really very tired, for, quite contrary to our habit, the children and I slept late the next morning, undisturbed by the departure of our friends at the early hour arranged by them.

The sun was shining, and Silberbach, like every other place, appeared all the better for it. But the view from the window of our room was not encouraging. It looked out upon the village street—a rough, unkempt sort of track, and on its other side the ground rose abruptly to some height, but treeless and grassless. It seemed more like the remains of a quarry of some kind, for there was nothing to be seen but stones and broken pieces of rock.

"We must go out after our breakfast and look about us a little before we start," I said. "But how glad I shall be to get back to that bright, cheerful Seeberg!"

"Yes, indeed," said Nora. "I think this is the ugliest place I ever was at in my life." And she was not inclined to like it any better when Reggie, whom we sent down to reconnoitre, came back to report that we must have our breakfast in our own room.

"There's a lot of rough-looking men down there, smoking and drinking beer. You *couldn't* eat there," said the child.

But, after all, it was to be our last meal there, and we did not complain. The root coffee was not too unpalatable with plenty of good milk; the bread was sour and the butter dubious, as Ottilia had foretold, so we soaked the bread in the coffee, like French peasants.

"Mamma," said Nora gravely, "it makes me sorry for poor people. I dare say many never have anything nicer to eat than this."

"Not nicer than this!" I exclaimed. "Why, my dear child, thousands, not in

Germany only, but in France and England, never taste anything as good."

The little girl opened her eyes. There are salutary lessons to be learned from even the mildest experience of "roughing it."

Suddenly Nora's eyes fell on a little parcel in blue paper. It was lying on one of the shelves of the stove, which, as in most German rooms, stood out a little from the wall, and in its summer idleness was a convenient receptacle for odds and ends. This stove was a high one, of black-leaded iron; it stood between the door and the wall, on the same side as the door, and was the most conspicuous object in the room.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "there is the parcel you brought away from the china place. What is it? I wish you would show it me."

I gave a little exclamation of annoyance.

"Frau von Walden has forgotten it," I said; for my friend, returning straight to Kronberg, had offered to take it home for me in her bag for fear of accidents. "It does not matter," I added, "I will pack it among our soft things. It is a very pretty cup and saucer, but I will show it to you at Kronberg, for it is so nicely wrapped up. Now I am going down-stairs to order the *Einspänner*, and we can walk about for an hour or two."

The children came with me. I had some trouble in disinterring the landlord, but at last I found him, of course with a pipe in his mouth, hanging about the premises. He listened to me civilly enough, but when I waited for his reply as to whether the *Einspänner* would be ready about twelve o'clock, he calmly regarded me without speaking. I repeated my inquiry.

"At twelve?" he said calmly. "Yes, no doubt the gracious lady might as well fix twelve as any other hour, for there was no such thing as a horse, much less an *Einspänner*, to be had at Silberbach."

I stared at him in my turn.

"No horse, no carriage to be had! How do people ever get away from here then?" I said.

"They don't get away—that is to say, if they come at all, they go as they came, in the carriage that brought them; otherwise they neither come nor go. The lady came on foot; she can go on foot; otherwise she can stay."

There seemed something sinister in his words. A horrible ridiculous feeling came over me that we were caught in a

net, as it were, and doomed to stay at Silberbach for the rest of our lives. But I looked at the man. He was simply stolid and indifferent. I did not believe then, nor do I now, that he was anything worse than sulky and uncivilized. He did not even care to have us as his visitors: he had no wish to retain us nor to speed us on our way. Had we remained at the Katze from that day to this, I don't believe he would have ever inquired what we stayed for.

"I cannot walk back to Seeburg," I said half indignantly, "we are too tired; nor would it be safe through the forest alone with two children."

The landlord knocked some ashes off his pipe.

"There may be an ox-cart going that way next week," he observed.

"Next week!" I repeated. Then a sudden idea struck me. "Is there a post-office here?" I said.

Of course there was a post-office; where can one go in Germany where there is not a post and telegraph office?

"The telegraph officials must be sadly overworked here," I said to myself. But as far as mine host was concerned I satisfied myself with obtaining the locality of the post-office, and with something like a ray of hope I turned to look for the children. They had been amusing themselves with the piano in the new empty room, but as I called to them, Reggie ran out with a very red face.

"I wish I were a man, mamma. Fancy! a peasant—one of those men who were drinking beer—came and put his arm around Nora as she was playing. '*Du spielst schön*,' he said, and I do believe he meant to kiss her, if I hadn't shaken my fist at him."

"Yes, indeed, mamma," said Nora, equally but more calmly indignant. "I certainly think the sooner we get away the better."

I had to tell them of my discomfiture, but ended with my new idea.

"If there is a post-office," I said, "the mail must stop there, and the mail takes passengers."

But arrived at the neat little post-house, to reach which without a most tremendous round we had to climb up a really precipitous path, so called, over the stones and rocks in front of the inn, new dismay awaited us. The postmaster was a very old man, but of a very different type from our host. He was sorry to disappoint us, but the mail only stopped here for *letters*—all *passengers* must begin their journey

at—I forget where—leagues off on the other side from Silberbach. We wanted to get away? He was not surprised. *What had we come for?* No one ever came here. Were we Americans? Staying at the Katze! Good heavens! "A rough place." "I should rather think so."

And this last piece of information fairly overcame him. He evidently felt he must come to the rescue of these poor babes in the wood.

"Come up when the mail passes from Seeburg this evening at seven, and I will see what I can do with the conductor. If he *happens* to have no passengers tomorrow, he *may* stretch a point and take you in. No one will be the wiser."

"Oh, thanks, thanks," I cried. "Of course I will pay anything he likes to ask."

"No need for that. He is a *braver Mann*, and will not cheat you."

"We shall be here at seven, then. I would rather have started to walk than stayed here indefinitely."

"Not *to-day*, anyway. We shall have a storm," he said, looking up to the sky. "Adieu. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

"I wish we had not to stay another night here," I said. "Still, to-morrow morning will soon come."

We spent the day as best we could. There was literally nothing to see, nowhere to go, except back into the forest whence we had come. Nor dared we go far, for the day grew more and more sultry; the strange, ominous silence that precedes a storm came on, adding to our feelings of restlessness and depression. And by about two o'clock, having ventured out again after "dinner," we were driven in by the first great drops. Huddled together in our cheerless little room we watched the breaking loose of the storm demons. I am not affected by thunder and lightning, nor do I dread them. But what a storm that was! Thunder, lightning, howling wind, and rain like no rain I had ever seen before, all mingled together. An hour after it began, a cart standing high and dry in the steep village street was hidden by water to above the top of the wheels—a little more and it would have floated like a boat. But by about five, things calmed down; the few stupid-looking peasants came out of their houses, and gazed about them as if to see what damage had been done. Perhaps it was not much after all—they seemed to take it quietly enough; and by six all special signs of disturbance had disappeared—the torrents melted away

as if by magic. Only a strange, heavy mist began to rise, enveloping everything, so that we could hardly believe the evening was yet so early. I looked at my watch.

"Half past six. We must, mist or no mist, go up to the post-house. But I don't mind going alone, dears."

"No, no, mamma; I *must* go with you, to take care of you," said Reggie; "but Nora needn't."

"Perhaps it would be as well," said the little girl. "I have one or two buttons to sew on, and I *am* still rather tired."

And knowing she was never timid about being left alone, thinking we should be absent half an hour at most, I agreed.

But the half-hour lengthened into an hour, then into an hour and a half, before the weary mail made its appearance. The road through the forest must be all but impassable, our old friend told us. But oh, how tired Reggie and I were of waiting! though all the time never a thought of uneasiness with regard to *Nora* crossed my mind. And when the mail did come, delayed, as the postmaster had suspected, the good result of his negotiations made us forget all our troubles; for the conductor all but *promised* to take us the next morning, in consideration of a very reasonable extra payment. It was most unlikely he would have any, certainly not many passengers. We must be there, at the post-house by nine o'clock, baggage and all, for he dared not wait a moment, and he would do his best.

Through the evening dusk, now fast replacing the scattered mist, Reggie and I, light of heart, stumbled down the rocky path.

"How pleased Nora will be! She will be wondering what has come over us," I said, as the Katze came in view. "But what is that, Reggie, running up and down in front of the house? Is it a sheep, or a big white dog? or — or a child? Can it be Nora and no cloak or hat? and so damp and chilly as it is? How can she be so foolish!"

And with a vague uneasiness I hurried on.

Yes, it was Nora. There was light enough to see her face. What had happened to my little girl? She was white — no, not white, ghastly. Her eyes looked glassy, and yet as if drawn into her head; her whole bright, fearless bearing was gone. She clutched me convulsively as if she would never again let me go. Her voice was so hoarse that I could scarcely distinguish what she said.

"Send Reggie in — he must not hear," were her first words — of rare unselfishness and presence of mind.

"Reggie," I said, "tell the maid to take candles up to our room, and take off your wet boots at once."

My children are obedient; he was off instantly.

Then Nora went on, still in a strained, painful whisper, —

"Mamma, there has been a *man* in our room, and —"

"Did that peasant frighten you again, dear? Oh, I am so sorry I left you;" for my mind at once reverted to the man whom Reggie had shaken his fist at that morning.

"No; no, not that. I would not have minded. But, mamma, Reggie must never know it — he is so little, he could not bear it — mamma, it was *not* a man. It was — oh, mamma, I have seen a *ghost*!"

From The Edinburgh Review.

MEMOIRS OF M. DE VITROLLES.*

WE make no apology for recurring to this work, and noticing its concluding parts. Last July we reviewed the first volume of the memoirs of the late M. de Vitrolles, and showed how valuable the book is, as throwing vivid and fresh light on the great events of 1814, in Europe, and not only explaining their secret history, but illustrating the conduct of one of the most active plotters against the throne of Napoleon I., and of his better known but less bold associates. The second and third volumes complete the work, and confirm the forecast we made of them — that they would add much to our knowledge respecting the course of public affairs in France from 1814 to 1830, as it was swayed by influences behind the scenes of the drama. This part of the memoirs describes the game of intrigue and expedients by which the Comte d'Artois and the Senate contrived outwardly to compose their differences when the Restoration was first proclaimed; it gives us some instructive details on the government of Louis XVIII. in 1814; and the picture it presents of the conduct and attitude of the king and his court, at the terrible crisis of March, 1815, is extremely curious. Historically, however, what is of most value in these vol-

* *Mémoires et Relations Politiques du Baron de Vitrolles*. Tomes 2, 3. Paris: 1884.

umes is, in our judgment, the account they contain of the events that took place in Paris immediately after Waterloo, and their graphic, minute, and impressive description of several passages of grave moment in the Revolution of July, 1830. These chapters disclose many new facts, and bring out in clear and striking relief occurrences at the two periods which hitherto have not been generally known. As for the personages who were most conspicuous throughout this epoch of mighty changes, if Talleyrand is the most elaborate and best-drawn figure in the first part of the work, the portrait of Fouché in this part is singularly lifelike, telling, and accurate, and M. de Vitrolles has described, with a skilful hand, the weak side of the nature of Louis XVIII., though, as was to be expected, he is completely blind to the best features of the king's character. Like their predecessor, too, these volumes abound in desultory anecdotes of all kinds; indeed, the conversations of M. de Vitrolles with the leaders of the provisional government during the interregnum of 1815, and with Charles X. and his reckless ministers in the crisis of July, 1830, would alone make the book of sterling value.

As for the author and his personal history, his conduct during this part of his career is seldom seen in its brighter aspects, and he sometimes appears a different being from the single-minded and heroic gentleman who, staking everything on the hazard of a die, successfully led what the wisest heads of Europe thought was a forlorn hope, and showed his faltering master the way to fortune. M. de Vitrolles was not in his true element at the council board of Louis XVIII.; without any of the gifts of a statesman, irascible, haughty, and full of conceit, he was not liked by the king or by his colleagues; and, though he gave valuable aid to the Bourbon cause when Napoleon fell for the second time, and retained for a while the royal favor, he soon ceased to have the slightest influence on the governments that followed 1815. Before long, too, he became notorious as a conspirator against the king and his ministers in their well-meant efforts to restrain the frenzy and cruelty of the *émigré* faction; and having been summarily dismissed from his post and charged with a grave political offence, he was relegated to the obscure position of a mere dependant on the Comte d'Artois, a disgraced member of an unpatriotic cabal. In short, during this period he was regarded as a dangerous man, impracticable,

and only good for intrigues; and when Charles X. ascended the throne, the king was afraid to make him a minister. Nevertheless, discredited as he rightly was, M. de Vitrolles had done almost priceless services to the Bourbon princes at grave conjunctures; and he was soon to show, in the Revolution of July, that although he did not possess political forethought, and his mind was warped by the prejudices of caste, he could give good counsels in the hour of danger, and endeavor, by bold and well-timed conduct, to avert the ruin that menaced the throne. His character, in truth, seemed to change only as it manifested itself on its opposite sides. His statesmanship was a mistake and a failure; but he was a brilliant and capable man of action, and throughout life he remained constant to the lofty principles of honor which formed the moral creed of the old *noblesse* of France.

The first volume of these memoirs closed at the entry into Paris of the Comte d'Artois on April 12, 1814. The excited capital had greeted the prince, but the Senate had avoided the ceremony at Notre Dame, and had refused to acknowledge Louis XVIII. without a guarantee of a constitution for France. An arrangement had been hastily made by which the prince was to be recognized as *de facto* head of a provisional government, but nothing had been definitely settled. The champions of the old *régime* and the body which, at the existing crisis, comprised the sole representatives of the nation, sat watching each other with jealous suspicion. M. de Vitrolles, flushed with his recent triumphs, at first slighted the demands of the Senate. The difficulty, he urged, would disappear at once if the provisional government would but abdicate and surrender its powers to his princely master; but Talleyrand and his troublesome colleagues refused to take a leap in the dark, and meanwhile the State was paralyzed. An unexpected personage appeared to act as a mediator at this juncture:—

One of the bystanders, who, hitherto, had taken no part in the conversation, rose hurriedly from his seat, and addressing me in scarcely civil language, intimated that what I had said was little to the purpose.

"I presume, then," I replied, "that you have something better to propose?"

"Certainly," was the answer; "there is but one way to solve the problem; the Senate must, by its own act, make M. le Comte d'Artois lieutenant-general of the realm."

I then recognized the speaker: it was Fouché. I had known his appearance, but I was not aware that he was in Paris.

The royalist agent and the old regicide proceeded to discuss this fresh project. Fouché, already eager to court the Bourbons, made the terms as easy to the prince as possible; but the Senate, he felt, would not be led to abandon the strong position it held.

I approached him, and drew him into an embrasure of the window.

"At all events," I said, "you make an offer. . . . I cannot anticipate the opinion of Monsieur; but were he to agree to anything resembling your improvised plan, who would guarantee to us the consent of the Senate?"

"I," replied Fouché eagerly; "I will if M. le Comte d'Artois will make a declaration that will satisfy the public mind."

"What kind of declaration?" was my answer. Finding some difficulty in explaining, he took a sheet of paper and began to write, in his bad hand, on a marble stand. He read out what he had written, first to me, and then to all those who were present. The composition was as incorrect as the substance was faulty. According to Fouché, the prince was to declare "that he recognized the constitutional decree which had recalled his august brother; and that, being aware of his sentiments and political views, he was not apprehensive of being disavowed in swearing in his name to observe the bases of the constitution and to cause them to be observed." The articles of the constitution were then summarily set forth.

M. de Vitrolles, greatly to his astonishment, found his master not unwilling to treat even on conditions wholly opposed to the high theory of the right of kings. Not improbably, however, the Comte d'Artois either did not fully understand the proposal, or thought it could be evaded with ease, and it was finally agreed not to reject the compromise, but that M. de Vitrolles should adapt the language of the declaration to be made by the prince as nearly as might be to Bourbon ideas. Fouché seemed willing to accept everything. M. de Vitrolles thus describes their singular interview:—

I met Fouché near the Tuileries. "I was looking for you," I exclaimed, and then requested him to enter the Pavillon Marsan for a moment, and to hear the reply to his overtures agreed to by Monsieur.

"It is quite useless," he urged; "I am in a hurry; I am going to the Luxembourg."

I persisted: I only asked for a moment; it was necessary that he should be made aware of the changes we had made in his paper.

"It was not correctly composed," I added, "and you know our princes are Frenchmen, and profess to speak their own language properly."

"You recollect," replied Fouché, "how I dashed it off; there was much noise, many

were present. I did not even read over what I had written."

We arrived at the main door of the Pavillon Marsan.

"No doubt," was my answer; "so we have corrected the mistakes caused by your precipitate haste; for instance, people do not say, 'We swear to observe bases.'"

"Of course not," he said.

I did not like, however, to tell him, one by one, all the changes we had made: I was afraid I should alarm him, and cause him to break off. I thought he would notice them less if I read the whole thing off, and I begged him to step in. I held him, nay, pulled him by the arm. He resisted.

"You have made corrections; all right," he said. The discussion was a curious one, even for the sentinel who was looking on.

"Well, we have done more," I remarked; "we have expunged some things." I began enumerating those of the least importance.

"That is excellent," continued Fouché, trying at the same time to liberate his arm, "but let me go; I must go to the Senate; there is not a moment to lose."

"Well, but," I said, "we have erased the article about the hereditary quality of the Senate and the arrangements concerning its property and dotations."

"You have done very well indeed," he cried, at last extricating his arm briskly, and he hurried off, leaving me in a state of astonishment.

Notwithstanding, however, all this facility, the Senate really yielded nothing; for it asserted in no ambiguous language its right to dispose of the crown of France, and to confer it only on the condition that Louis XVIII. should accept a charter and give the nation a constitutional régime. Talleyrand made the announcement in characteristic fashion: "M. de Talleyrand soon came in, careless of success provided he got the credit of it. He approached us slowly, and, throwing on the table the official despatch, said, 'There, M. de Vitrolles, there is your affair!'"

The Comte d'Artois, disabused at last, protested vehemently against this document, and vowed that he would not see "those insolent lawyers." His purpose, however, was soon changed. M. de Vitrolles had been informed by Nesselrode that the czar had resolved to back the Senate; and the keen-witted Frenchman, one of whose special gifts was to know how to yield when there was no help for it, urged his master, whatever the conditions might be, to accept the crown in his brother's interest. An interview followed in which Talleyrand reiterated, though in courtly phrase, the terms distinctly laid down by the Senate; the prince gracefully expressed his assent, and after an ex-

change of effusive compliments, the conference ended in seeming amity. The deputation, however, had scarcely left when the Comte d'Artois significantly remarked:—

"Well, the die has been cast; we stand bound by our engagements. These we must frankly accept and carry out honestly whatever the result. Experience will show if the welfare of the State can be assured in this way. If at the end of ten or a dozen years this shall have been proved impossible, we shall have to do what the interests of France demand."

We pass over the short-lived and provisional rule of the Comte d'Artois during which M. de Vitrolles filled the important but anomalous post of secretary to the provisional government. On April 25, 1814, Louis XVIII. reached the shore of Calais, revisiting France after twenty years of change which had done the work of centuries. Yet even the great king, at the height of his glory, was never received with a louder acclaim than that which greeted the returning exile; and this, too, in the case of a people which had shed oceans of its best blood to keep his house and himself away from its borders, and which at this moment was widely divided from his antique dynasty in its essential interests. The progress of the king was a scene of triumphs: towns and villages strewed his path with flowers; his presence was hailed by shouting multitudes; and even the late chiefs of the imperial armies, won over by flattery, bribes, and honors, were enthusiastic in words of loyalty. M. de Vitrolles has given us this portrait of Louis:—

We found the king seated in the middle of the room; his bearing and person had the stamp of supreme rank; a look of youth still lingered on his face; his cheeks were full and lessened the relief of an aquiline nose; his broad forehead was slightly too much thrown backward, but a quick and penetrating glance lit up his countenance; he wore his hair in the fashion of his youth; it was withdrawn from his brow, cut as it were in lengths, powdered, and then tied by a riband at the back of the neck. His dress was a simple blue coat with gilt buttons that bore the fleur-de-lis; epaulettes on which a crown was embroidered, were the only mark of distinction; and he wore the order of the cordon bleu, and the cross of St. Lazare at his button-hole.

The royal entry into Paris resembled that of the Comte d'Artois, with some shades of difference:—

The king occupied an open carriage; Madame sat by his side, and the Prince de Condé and Duc de Bourbon were in front. Monsieur

and Monseigneur le Duc de Berry rode on horseback beside the royal carriage. It chanced that I was by myself in one of the carriages of the suite of the king. The enthusiasm of the people of all classes and ages was remarkable. I was distracted from the spectacle only when I reflected what must be the thoughts of Madame at this moment. The summit of the Donjon of the Temple was within sight; what terrible memories it might recall to her heart! At the Tuileries the 10th of August awaited her. I was still under those impressions when the triumphal march of the king, accompanied by ever-increasing crowds and renewed acclamations, was stayed before the image of the statue of Henry IV., which had been raised on a platform on the Pont-Neuf, until a new bronze figure should replace that which the sacrilegious hand of the Revolution had broken. A simple inscription was on the base: "*Ludovico reduci Henricus rediivus.*" After a brief delay we arrived at Notre Dame, and this time everything was well arranged. The crowds were kept outside, but the interior of the church was quite full, and you could see young men and even women perched on the projecting parts of the high building as high as the dome. Seats had been reserved to the right and left of the nave for the great bodies of State, for the Municipal Council, the Courts of Justice, the Treasury, the Legislative Body and the Senate—that Senate which still had several regicides of the Convention among its members.

Before this ceremony, as is well known, the king had stayed a few days at Compiègne, in order partly to receive the homage of public bodies and other dignitaries, and partly to take counsel as to his future policy. M. de Vitrolles contradicts a common tradition that the czar took on himself to lecture the king on his constitutional duty to France:—

Very different from what historians of this epoch have invented, the interview of the two sovereigns was simply an exchange of courtesies and compliments. In this kind of thing Louis XVIII. had certainly the advantage; the Emperor of Russia had too much sense of the becoming to appear to give lessons to the old king, and the king in turn was of too flexible and intelligent a nature to set himself in opposition to the Czar.

Talleyrand had carefully arranged his part before his first meeting with Louis XVIII.:—

M. de Talleyrand attracted much notice amongst the crowds of courtiers. People were curious to see how he would present himself and be received. It was supposed that he would be engaging, supple, artful, a flatterer; he chose a wholly different part. He was cool, serious, and made no kind of advances; in short, like a man who had no pardon to ask, and who wanted no assistance. He tried to

bring his wit and intelligence into accord with the mind of the king, and was facile on every question of the time.

A day or two was given up to rejoicings before entering on the grave questions of the settlement of France and peace with Europe. M. de Vitrolles does justice to the conciliatory attitude of the two sovereigns who were still the real masters of Paris.

The allied sovereigns led in Paris the life of mere private gentlemen, with no affectation of power and none of the pomp of royalty. They had refused to occupy the royal palaces, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and even the Palais Royal — simple good taste, in marked contrast with the arrogant vanity of Bonaparte, who, in Vienna, in Berlin, and at Moscow, trampled underfoot the abodes of kings as though to enhance his exploits. They often walked out without any distinctive dress, and without an escort, as if to remove from the eyes of the people of Paris the signs of defeat, and they received their reward. Popular favor welcomed them in the streets where they were recognized by shouts and *vivats*; they were loudly applauded at the theatres; and when they were expected there songs were sung in their honor, the exaggerated language of which surprised us.

During the brief regency of the Comte d'Artois M. de Vitrolles had contrived to secure a post which, he believed, would give him immense influence. The secretary of state in Napoleon's council was the interpreter of the emperor's commands and his intermediary with the remaining ministers; and in the case of officials, who were merely clerks to register the will of a despotic master, the position made M. de Bassano supreme. M. de Vitrolles had obtained this important place; Louis XVIII. had allowed him to keep it, and — for his estimate of himself was prodigious — he probably aspired to play the part of Maret among the ministers of the king. This ascendancy, however, was not possible in the case of the parliamentary rule which was to form the new constitution of France; at the instance of Talleyrand and other councillors, M. de Vitrolles was by degrees deprived of his more invidious and vexatious functions; and, as the result, there were frequent scenes of bickering between himself and his colleagues, who regarded him with suspicious distrust. He continued, however, in the royal council, though as an observer rather than an active minister; and the account he gives of the conduct of the king and his government during the months that followed is full of

interest and very suggestive. The views and thoughts of the *émigré* noble show how little, like all his class, he understood the signs of the times, and the real bearing of events before him. What France most required in 1814 was a large-minded and able ruler, who would accept frankly the constitutional *régime* on which the nation had set its heart, and a government which would completely secure the interests created since 1789, and above all would sternly restrain the excesses and folly of the extreme royalists. Some of these conditions Louis XVIII. fulfilled: he was not opposed to the control of the Chambers, and did not dream of dispensing with them; but his exalted notions of his divine right, and the associations that surrounded his throne, made him out of accord with the national sympathies; and he was so irresolute, weak, and timid, that he was in no sense a capable sovereign. As for his government, it was a mere junta, without unity or essential strength; it had not the cordial support of the Chambers, or any real hold on the mass of the people; and if it did not expressly conspire against the settlement and distribution of property which had been effected by the Revolution, it certainly allowed it to be called in question, and it was weak enough not to punish the insolence of the nobles and priests who clamored against it. Those things, however, could not occur to the prejudiced mind of M. de Vitrolles; and in his estimate of Louis XVIII. and his rule, during the first period of the Restoration, he is wrong alike in his praise and censure. He extols the absolutist notions of the king, and his exaggerated conception of French royalty; but though he is not blind to the serene insouciance and indifference of the aged monarch, he blames this chiefly because it encouraged the Chambers to interfere with prerogative. As for the government of Louis, it was no doubt weak; but its weakness chiefly consisted in this — that it did not possess the despotic force of the empire, and that it did not give full scope to the fierce passions and extravagant hopes of the counter-revolution.

M. de Vitrolles, like most of the old French *noblesse*, regarded England with special dislike; and the memoirs contain a curious passage, in which the author, with characteristic arrogance, lectured Castlereagh on our "rapacious ambition." It is remarkable, however, that M. de Vitrolles was less indignant than most Frenchmen at the settlement of the Continent at Vienna; the royalist party was

not sorry if Europe destroyed the abhorred work of the Revolution, even at the expense of France. The memoirs record, at considerable length, the discussions through which the well-known Charter of 1814 was arranged and perfected; and these throw fresh light on the Bourbon councils. M. de Vitrolles, who had had a hand in preparing the celebrated Manifesto of St. Ouen, was much displeased at not being employed in making the new constitution of France; but the king, who really wished the Charter to be a comprehensive and liberal measure—it being conceded that it was a gift of royalty—quickly put aside the offers of a partisan whose ideas of political reform for France were partly those of a noble of *ancien régime* and partly those of the imperial *régime*. Louis XVIII. and his Cabinet were sincere in desiring that France should be governed by a parliamentary system like that of England; but their political experience was so limited, that they failed to perceive the real securities for constitutional liberty. For instance, they had not grasped the principle which has made the House of Commons supreme; and they gravely argued that the ministers of the crown could retain office and carry out a policy against the expressed will of the popular Chamber. M. de Vitrolles protested against a doctrine which would have reduced the Chamber of Deputies to the level of a Tudor House of Commons: but probably he was chiefly influenced by the traditional jealousy of the old Parlement men towards the beds of justice of the ancient monarchy:—

I said that this principle that ministers could continue to perform their functions in defiance of a distinct majority against them was not admissible; since another principle had been adopted, its consequences must be accepted. No law existed in England to compel ministers to resign when a majority of either House had pronounced against them, but this usage had become established as a necessary consequence of the constitutional system, and it followed from this that a minister could no longer direct the affairs of the nation or sustain the rights of the Crown when he had lost the confidence of the Chamber.

The enthusiasm which greeted the Bourbon princes had given place to distrust and aversion before the beginning of 1815. No government, perhaps, however able, could have wholly prevented this change of sentiment; in the case of a people proverbially fickle, the hot fit would have led to the cold; and if the Restoration brought peace with it, it involved the

loss of national glory and power. But the favoritism and weakness of the king and his government, and the short-sighted violence of the extreme royalists, had united the interests and feelings of Frenchmen in hostility to the restored monarchy. The army, wounded where it was most sensitive, was eager to overturn the throne; the middle classes, exposed everywhere to the insolence of a privileged caste, were discontented and in a sullen mood; and the mass of the nation, whose dearest rights depended upon the undisturbed permanence of an order of things on all sides assailed, and not firmly upheld by the government, was irritated and alarmed in the highest degree. M. de Vitrolles, as we have said, was unconscious of the main causes of this state of affairs, but he has indicated one cause of the general sentiment; and this might, even now, be observed by Frenchmen, though it is not flattering to the national character. France had flung herself at the feet of the Bourbons; she had hailed Louis as her lord and master; nay, she had thought so little of her legitimate rights, that, without a murmur, she had allowed the king to set at nought the conditions imposed even by the Senate on the Comte d'Artois, and had accepted her Charter from the royal hands, not as the carrying out of a national compact, but as an extraordinary concession of royal bounty. Had the nation been less unwise and compliant, had it shown more self-respect and firmness, the government would not have dared to connive, as it certainly did, at the reckless language and conduct of its extreme partisans; the sacerdotal and feudal factions would not have gone the full length of extravagance; and not improbably a fierce reaction of national opinion would not have occurred. Undoubtedly there is truth in the following remarks:—

The confidence inspired by this universal and eager loyalty, unchecked as it was by resistance where it might have been expected, was a source of errors and a snare for the Restoration. We accepted these evidences of devotion as though they were wholly sincere; we believed they were deserved; we did not foresee a change in a contrary direction. We thought that we were as assured of the good faith of others and of the support of public opinion as we were of our own conscientious desire to do good; in a word, we did not stand on our guard against what was to come. How could we anticipate a revolution in the minds of men, and the extraordinary changes it brought with it? If, instead of this chorus of unanimous welcome which flattered and misled us, we had encountered from the first moment

the hostile parties, the open opposition that usually attends a transfer of power, the king's government would have been more on its guard.

France was in this disturbed and critical state when Napoleon embarked on the bold enterprise which crowned the wonders of his eventful career. M. de Vitrolles, who bore the telegraphic message, describes how the king received the intelligence that the exile had landed on the beach of Cannes:—

His eyes rested on the paper much longer than was necessary to read its contents, he then threw it on the table.

"You do not know what is in the message?" he said.

"No, Sire, I am in complete ignorance."

"It informs me," he said, in a voice that disclosed no emotion, "that Bonaparte has landed on the coast of Provence."

The Comte d'Artois at first treated the news as not of particular moment:—

I went without stopping, and myself opened the door of the closet of Monsieur, when an usher behind me, astonished at my distracted look, said that Monsieur was not at home, he was at vespers.

"At vespers! at vespers!" I said to myself, and began walking alone in the great reception-room of the Pavillon Marsan. "How can a man be at vespers in circumstances like these? James II. lost his kingdom for a mass; will these princes lose theirs for vespers?"

I waited nearly half an hour in a state of unspeakable impatience. I had brought myself, however, to make an excuse for Monsieur and his vespers, in the belief that probably he was unaware of the tremendous news, for even he had not been exempted from the secrecy the king and I had mutually agreed to.

"Still," I said to myself, "secrecy in the case of Monsieur—it is impossible!"

I was in this state when the prince returned followed by his brilliant *entourage*.

"Come in, come in," he said to me, as he opened the door of his closet.

I followed: as soon as I found myself alone with him, I tried to read in his eyes if he had been informed of the great news, and at first I judged that he had not. I did not say a word.

"Well," he remarked, "have you brought us any news of our travellers? Have you any letters from Bordeaux?"

I replied, "No," and then hesitated, feeling a difficulty in speaking about that which filled my thoughts should the king not have told him. On the other hand I could speak of nothing else.

"Monsieur," at last I said with hesitation, "has not seen the king since mass?"

"Yes, I have,—by the bye," he suddenly remarked, "what is your opinion about the news of the landing?"

Even Soult was at first surprised and

incredulous, and believed for a time that Italy was the real objective of his old commander. A very able man, but a soldier only, Soult was ignorant of the real state of opinion in France at this crisis, and never understood the astonishing daring and profound insight of Napoleon's genius:—

I held the despatch open before the marshal's eyes. . . . The expression of his face was what was to be expected—he was amazed, and even incredulous. . . . He thought it probable that the exile of Elba was seeking to reach Italy through a pass in our mountains . . . that he wished to see what would be the effect of his presence on the theatre of his former victories.

M. de Vitrolles, quick to recognize facts, endeavored to rouse the king and his brother out of this dangerous and serene indifference. It was owing to his exertions, so at least he says, that the Comte d'Artois set off for Lyons to endeavor to arrest the advance of Napoleon, and that Soult despatched Macdonald in the same direction. M. de Vitrolles also contrived that the Duc d'Orléans, suspected by the high royalist party, should accompany his cousin and leave Paris. He gives us this account of his parting with the duc; but we have little doubt the sketch is a caricature:—

The Duc d'Orléans stopped me, and made such low bows that to return them would have been impossible.

"Monsieur Vitrolles," he then said, with a trembling voice, "are we to go alone with Monsieur?"

My face—and I am not in the habit of composing it—no doubt wore an expression of amazement as I made answer.

"No, Monseigneur; the Minister of War has made a list of the generals who are to lead the troops, and Marshal Macdonald should be even now on his way to take his command under the order of Monsieur."

At these words the Duc d'Orléans seized my hand and squeezed it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you restore me to life!"

M. de Vitrolles, indeed, by his own account, was the only one of the royal advisers who showed decision or had a rational plan. He insisted that the king should disband the army by a vote of the Chambers; that a large royalist force should be

* In our last article on M. de Vitrolles's work we pointed out that Soult disapproved of Napoleon's strategy in 1814. There is reason to believe that he equally disapproved of the emperor's plan of campaign in 1815; certainly he served as if his heart was not in his work; he made a singularly inefficient chief of the staff.

formed from volunteers and National Guards, and that funds should be raised for these purposes. It would have been impossible, however, to break up an army, already ripe for universal mutiny, and conscious of its overwhelming strength; as for volunteers and National Guards, they were scarcely forthcoming even in Paris, disgusted with the Bourbon *régime*, though not disposed to welcome Napoleon; and money was certainly not to be had when the throne of Louis XVIII. was tottering. We may dismiss these grandiose fancies, but there was more sense possibly in another project — insisted on by the bold man of action — that the king should raise his standard in the south and west, should summon their loyal people to arms, and should seek assistance from England by sea. The Cabinet, however, was lukewarm or hostile: —

The opinion of the ministers was that the plan was a fine one, but too vast. Beugnot and Desselles were the most disposed to support it. The first, indeed, requested those who were listening without answering to pay attention. The Abbé Montesquieu alone opposed my project vehemently. Such a notion, he contended, would ruin the king by giving his conduct a Vendéan complexion; the whole of France would be alienated; the king of La Vendée would not be, and would never become, the king of France.

The attitude of the king at this crisis seems to have been one of studied inertness. Except to answer the Chambers he did scarcely anything; and he followed his ministers' advice, and his own wishes, in quitting the throne and crossing the frontier. All this was not the contemptible weakness M. de Vitrolles assumes it to have been. Louis XVIII. firmly believed that Europe would be obliged to secure his crown, and had little faith in his own power or in that of his party to maintain his government; and he rightly thought that the Bourbon cause would not be promoted by civil war. Besides, he had resolved to take no course without the support of the great bodies of the State; this was his notion of constitutional duty; and as the Chambers effected nothing, he waited on them and remained inactive. We can understand why he bore himself thus; yet he shows badly beside his mighty adversary, and he did not display the high qualities of a king. M. de Vitrolles thus glances at his conduct at this time: —

It was not from the king that great resolutions were to be expected. According to his conception of royalty, they were no affairs of

his. . . . During the first days that followed the descent of Napoleon, he reassured himself, believing that the consequences would be averted. But when the enemy had advanced beyond Lyons, he passed two or three days of uneasiness. . . . After this, he had made up his mind and consented to submit to circumstances, whatever they might be, with the most sublime indifference. His serenity was quite of a piece with his royal attitude.

M. de Vitrolles describes how the king received an account of the critical state of Lyons just before Napoleon's triumphant entry, and when the defection of Labédoyère had revealed the temper of the army in revolt: —

The king was so corpulent that he filled the width of the camp-bed, and seemed to exceed it; a white nightcap was on his head, and he looked like a colossal child. He made me sit by his side, and told me to read the letter of his brother. . . . The king listened without apparent emotion, but evidently it was an effort. He desired me to write an answer, but, as well as I recollect, he said nothing of importance.

While his enemy was advancing with a giant's strides, the king was trifling with phrases in his speech to the Chambers. The following is very characteristic: —

I was struck with the words, "he is coming to light up among us the horrors of civil war."
"Horrors," I said aside to Blacas, "do not burn."

"What do you say?" remarked the king, interrupting himself.

A little embarrassed by my criticism, I made no answer. Blacas explained what I had said.

"He is right," said the king; and he substituted the words "torches of civil war."

The Cabinet, according to M. de Vitrolles, was nearly as inactive as the king himself. The ministers sought votes from the willing Chambers; but they had no policy or distinct aim, though it should be said that, after the defection of Ney, the cause of the Bourbons was for the moment lost. The Abbé Montesquieu had nothing to propose but resignation in the last resort.

To-day we have a higher mission to perform. We must abandon personal considerations which might blind us, and acknowledge that all of us, while in office, are of no use as a means to preserve for France her legitimate monarchy; the last and only service we can render to the Crown is to recognize this fact, and to place the interests of the king in hands more capable to maintain them than ours.

As has often happened in similar crises, especially in France, in this century, men of the highest station proved themselves

capable of the most selfish and basest acts. General Maison was a very distinguished soldier, illustrious for his late defence of Flanders. General Dessolles, one of the ablest lieutenants of Moreau, was at this time a minister. Yet each of these worthies, in their master's peril, demanded hard cash as the price of their services. Where now, alas! is the France of Bayard?

They declared that, in this situation, they would be obliged to have recourse to the munificence of the king. M. de Blacas replied, in the most polite language, that they could not entertain a doubt of the gratitude of the king, who would know how to appreciate their services and loyalty. But he kept within generalities that did not suit them. General Maison broke in with that cynicism that marked his character. "You perceive," he said to General Dessolles, "he pretends not to understand us; we must speak out plainly. You must make up your mind," added he, turning to M. de Blacas, "either not to reckon on our assistance, or to pay each of us 200,000 francs."

The most characteristic feature of the time, however, was the conduct of the *entourage* of the court, of the "friends" of the king, and the Comte d'Artois. Exasperated, alarmed, and losing their heads, they scented everywhere treason in the air; charged Baron Louis, a thoroughly upright minister, with applying the revenue in Napoleon's interest; and denounced Masséna, the governor of Provence, who ever since his campaign in Portugal, had been under the imperial ban, as countenancing his old master's adventure. As for Soult, certainly still faithful, he was not admitted into the king's presence without the permission of the royal favorite; and M. de Vitrolles declares that M. de Blacas had this extraordinary conversation with him:—

"What is the use of all your reasoning? It does not convince me. I must have an explanation with the marshal, and if he does not reply to everything in a satisfactory way, I have his dismissal in my pocket."

"Bah!" I exclaimed; "have you already arranged with the king about it?"

"I have his dismissal in my pocket, I tell you. Would you like to see it?"

Upon this he drew a tolerably large pistol from his pocket.

"Ah, ah!" I said. "Come now, you are joking."

"Indeed, I am not," he answered, in a half-heroic, half-comical tone.

The terror of the partisans of the court gave birth, too, to the wildest projects. This crazy suggestion, M. de Vitrolles

assures us, was also an emanation from the brain of the most trusted of the advisers of the king:—

M. de Blacas seriously proposed to the Council that the king should quietly await the arrival of the Emperor; and, when made aware that Napoleon was a few miles from Paris, that he should enter an open carriage with the first gentleman of the bedchamber, the captain of the bodyguard, and himself, Blacas. The carriage was to be escorted by the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies on horseback. All the *cortège* was to advance to meet the Emperor, and to ask him what he was coming for. Perhaps his notion was that Bonaparte, finding an answer difficult, would retreat! I did not amuse myself by discussing this plan, which had been submitted to the king before it was laid before the ministers. I merely said that one essential feature seemed wanting; the procession should be preceded by an Archbishop of Paris, carrying the Holy Sacrament, like St. Martin of Tours, going in advance of the King of the Visigoths.

The events of a period still distant were to show how absurd was the following plan proposed by the shallow and luckless Marmont, and justly ridiculed by our keen-witted author:—

The marshal presented a memorial to the king, recommending that his Majesty should remain at the Tuileries. He pledged himself to defend the palace for six weeks. To sustain a siege, he did not require more than the king's household troops, and a few other regiments. He thought that Bonaparte would be perplexed and troubled in attacking the aged monarch, even in the midst of Paris. I discussed this project with the king, and showed that it was quite irrational. In fact, the Emperor would take up his abode at the Luxembourg; he would invest the Tuileries, and isolate it from the rest of the city; he would lay hands on the machinery of administration, and would, without difficulty, cause himself to be obeyed in Paris, and throughout France. Then, when the provisions in the palace should have been exhausted, and the besieged were reduced to extremities, the king would be obliged to capitulate, or rather to surrender at discretion. Everything would pass off with perfect decorum. An aide-de-camp of the Emperor would hand the sovereign, the princes, and all the royal family into the best court carriages, would accompany them in the most polite fashion, and would lead them across the frontier.

If M. de Vitrolles is to be believed, the marshal, at the last moment, urged the necessity of a *coup d'état*, which would concentrate military power in himself, and make M. de Vitrolles a civilian dictator:

It was essential to carry off M. de Blacas that very night. All precautions had been

taken, and the affair was easy enough. . . . This obstacle having been removed, the king should be made to see how necessary it was that authority should be centralized in the existing extraordinary state of things, and no one was to mind any objections he might urge as to the means. Next day, the "Moniteur" should publish the appointment of the Baron de Vitrolles as first minister, and the appointments made by him, and Marshal Marmont was to be made commander-in-chief by land and sea, with full control over military affairs.

The reply of M. de Vitrolles was very much to the point : —

The troops would not obey you for twenty-four hours, and you would give them a complete excuse to justify their defection. And if you were alive in three or four days — a doubtful contingency — you would see Bonaparte enter Paris, lament the misfortunes of the old king, a victim of an odious act of treason, pretend to be his avenger, and hang the traitors. Neither you nor I would be able to prevent such a consummation.

Louis XVIII. preserved his demeanor of calm indifference to the last moment, and made his exit from Paris in this fashion : —

As I was taking my departure at nine o'clock, the king sent for Marshal Marmont in command of the king's household troops; and, maintaining the most profound secret on the journey he was about to make, his Majesty, with great coolness, wrote an order to the marshal, on a little piece of paper, to "transport the king to St. Denis," reserving for the present further directions.

It is unnecessary to contrast the dull apathy, the distracted councils, and the half-witted projects of the Bourbons and their affrighted courtiers, with the astonishing energy, the decided purpose, and the admirable adaptation of means to ends that characterized the advance of Napoleon. The southern provinces were hostile to him, and it is a mistake to suppose that the mass of the nation was eager to welcome him as a deliverer. But he turned, so to speak, the obstacle of the south by his wonderful march through the hills of Dauphiné, and finding France disgusted with the existing *régime*, he fascinated her, and won the people over by the splendor of his unparalleled enterprise. Nor would he, perhaps, have gained the army, ready as it was to revolt from the Bourbons, but for his extraordinary boldness and self-confidence. History, perhaps, can show no more striking example of military sympathy with commanding genius. M. de Vitrolles, of course, was blind to these truths; he sim-

ply ascribes the success of the exile to treason, defection, and the imbecile weakness of Louis XVIII. and a worthless Cabinet; and he plainly intimates that, had he had his own way, Napoleon could never have reached the Tuileries. In his sketch of the march from Cannes to Grenoble, he recounts an anecdote very suggestive of his exquisite sense of his own importance. The emperor, he assures us, on reaching Sisteron, instead of addressing himself to the urgent task of mastering a pass of extreme difficulty, when a few hours' delay might have proved fatal, turned aside to look at the château of the De Vitrolles, and let fall these significant words, which, we venture to say, he did not utter: "There then," he exclaimed, "there is the château of the celebrated Baron de Vitrolles!"

The fussy meddling of M. de Vitrolles and his avowed contempt of the court and its conduct were naturally displeasing to the king and the ministers. At the moment of his departure for Lille, Louis XVIII. sent for his officious counsellor, and commissioned him to promote the royal interests, by all means in his power, in the south and west, inviting him, in a word, to carry out the policy of which he had been the passionate advocate. This was probably a device to put out of the way a troublesome and not too discreet a censor; and it was a piece of malice to order M. de Vitrolles to attempt to work out his own projects, when obviously the occasion had passed. The king parted with him with his usual nonchalance : —

I found the king calm, and as if he was leading his ordinary life. He held a little note, like a visiting-card, in two fingers.

"You are to go to Bordeaux and to Toulouse," he said. "You will act as may be best for my service. You will give this letter to my niece; tell her to defend Bordeaux as long as she can, and as soon as she cannot, she is to act like myself." . . .

I expressed my regret that I had no instructions.

"Mitte sapientem et nihil dicas," was the king's only reply.

M. de Vitrolles felt it was a mere forlorn hope; but he addressed himself bravely to the task before him. He persuaded Gouvion St. Cyr, near Orleans, to endeavor to defend the course of the Loire; had an interview with Madame at Bordeaux, and fired the hopes of the royalist city; and set off almost alone for Toulouse, where he hoped to combine the southern provinces and make a diversion against Napoleon. He displayed no or-

inary resource and energy, seized the revenues and the administrative service, made a vigorous attempt to enrol volunteers, and sent messengers across the Pyrenees to invoke the aid of the Spanish Bourbons. But the empire had been already restored. The government in Paris, as has always happened, soon imposed its will on the south as elsewhere, and M. de Vitrolles's efforts were vain and too late.

It was not the imperial army that attacked us, it was the mail, bringing us the official correspondence from Paris, which informed the prefects, the receivers-general and the administrative departments, of the names of the new ministers and their superiors. . . . The poison soon began to produce its effects: the Emperor was acknowledged, the tricolor replaced the white flag, and all this was accomplished without a struggle or resistance.

The few regiments stationed in the south had been quiescent during these eventful days, and, aware that all would be soon over, had generally maintained a peaceable attitude. But at the first orders despatched from Paris they summarily put resistance down. In truth, resistance was not really made, and the lieutenant of the king, as he styled himself, was easily arrested by a few soldiers on a charge of provoking a civil war in France. M. de Vitrolles describes how he was taken prisoner, the prelude of the complete submission of Toulouse:—

General Laborde (a Peninsular veteran) took a chair by my side, and sate down, his staff remaining standing.

"You must not be surprised, Monsieur le Baron, that as you have so bravely defended your cause, we shall uphold ours."

I interrupted him.

"General, I request that you make no comparisons. An hour ago our duties were the same; we were under the same flag, and I have not changed mine."

M. de Vitrolles was detained at Vincennes and the Abbaye during the memorable period of the Hundred Days. He was so great a personage, in his own opinion, that he expected the fate of the Duc d'Enghien. But Napoleon, engaged in a contest with Europe, did not think of making such a man a victim. Madame de Vitrolles brought the prisoner the news of Waterloo. How strangely their conversation sounds, as we measure that event with the eye of history!—

Madame de Vitrolles spoke very fast, and was in the habit of blundering about proper names.

"Marshal Grichoux," she said, "has had his leg shot off."

I burst out laughing, and this put her out of patience.

"Had any man such a disposition as yours! I bring you the most joyful news—the deliverance of France, your safety, your life—and you fix upon a word that has been mispronounced. You will always be the same!"

Through the good offers of Marshal Oudinot, M. de Vitrolles easily obtained his release. By this time Napoleon had fallen; the Chambers, never sincere or loyal, rising wildly against him in the hour of danger; and Fouché had been made the head of a provisional government charged with the defence of the national interests. The details contained in this part of the memoirs are not the least interesting passages of the work, and throw a vivid light on the history of the time. Fouché, playing a game of deceit and intrigue, as had been his habit throughout life, addressed himself to M. de Vitrolles, as he was about to set off from Paris for Ghent, and assured the author that he was, even now, laboring with all his might in the interests of the king:—

"You will see the king," he remarked, "and you will inform him that we are working for his cause; even if we cannot go straight to him, we shall reach him at last. Just now, we must go through with Napoleon II., and probably, after him, with the Duc d'Orléans; but we shall settle on the king at last."

I could scarcely believe what I heard.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Is that your game? This unhappy Crown of France has not been dragged enough through the mire! You wish to pass it from one head to another—and what heads!"

"I do not say," replied the head of the Provisional Government, "that that is exactly what I wish, but I foresee it will happen. I have already, in a measure, put difficulties in the way of Napoleon II. as a sovereign. Yesterday we were discussing in whose name acts of State were to run. Carnot observed, 'Why, plainly in the name of Napoleon II.' 'Not so,' I retorted; 'they must bear the name of the French people.' The fool assented."

Always faithful to his ideas of duty, M. de Vitrolles discerned in these overtures an opportunity of serving the king. Fouché readily came to an understanding with him: he was to remain in Paris, and to have full liberty to correspond with Louis XVIII., and to do all he could for the royal interest; and as for his safety, he was to run the same risks as the crafty head of the provisional government. M. de Vitrolles once more in his proper sphere—that of bold conduct and clever

intrigue — proved of real use to the Bourbon cause, and certainly facilitated the march of events which led to the Restoration of 1815. With his wonted perception of present facts, he moderated the ardor of the extreme partisans, who wished to proclaim the king at once and to array numbers of loyal volunteers. Such a premature movement, he rightly judged, had scarcely a solid chance of success, and possibly it would defeat its authors' purpose by provoking the wrath of the jealous Chambers. M. de Vitrolles, too, served the Bourbons well by keeping a watchful eye on Fouché, who, according to him, was still scheming for Napoleon II. or the Duc d'Orléans; though he claims too much for himself in this matter; for certainly Fouché gave up this game when made aware of the real objects of the allies after the success of Waterloo. M. de Vitrolles, however, proved most efficient in his efforts to aid his master's cause by seconding, at this critical juncture, the crooked and base, though ingenious, policy of the man whom fortune had for the moment raised to the head of affairs in Paris. Fouché by this time had become convinced that the Restoration could not be avoided; and his conduct was directed to making the way for the return of the Bourbons as smooth as possible, and to placing his own services in so clear a light as to secure the favor of Louis XVIII. Afraid, however, to confront the Chambers, — almost to a man opposed to the Bourbons, — or incapable of taking a straightforward course, he thought that he would best attain his ends not by open negotiation with the allies and the king, but by practising on Davoust, the minister of war, and the chief of the wrecks of the French armies; and he calculated that, could he gain over the marshal and obtain from him an official statement that Paris could not withstand an attack, and that France must submit to the conqueror's terms, he would not only possess the means of leading the Chambers to accept Louis, but would escape the responsibility in the eyes of France of consenting to an ignominious peace. The first thing, therefore, was to sound Davoust; and Fouché permitted M. de Vitrolles to undertake the delicate mission.

The passages that followed are very curious, and have never been fully revealed before. M. de Vitrolles, through the aid of his friend Oudinot, addressed himself to the Prince of Eckmühl; and, thinking first of his master's interests,

urged the minister of war to declare for the king, and to bring the army over to the royal standard. Davoust, who, as is already known, had for some days been advising Fouché to treat with the Bourbons, sent the following not unbecoming reply: —

Marshal Oudinot brought me, next day, eight or nine articles, written on a sheet of paper with a margin, from the hand of the Minister of War. He laid down conditions for the recognition of the king. In the first place, a complete amnesty should be given for all the defections of the Hundred Days, all existing rights were to be maintained, and all ranks and pensions of the army were to be preserved. Next, the king should govern in the interests and ideas of the nation, and should forego every kind of preference for the Royalists and the Vendéan party; in a word, nothing was omitted, except the question of the tricolor, of which he did not speak, no doubt because he had forgotten all about it. The last article declared that the marshal asked nothing for himself except a military command, if war with the enemies of France should become necessary.

An opening with Davoust had thus been effected, though the marshal, when secretly urged by Fouché, had evaded giving the official report which was to justify the schemer's conduct, and sent only an ambiguous reply. M. de Vitrolles, accordingly, had two interviews of a singular kind with the minister of war.

I went under the protection of Marshal Oudinot. I found Davoust stretched on a mattress, and just sufficiently covered to be decent.

I complained of the inutility of the letter addressed to the Duc d'Otrante. He defended it at first as amply sufficient; but when I proposed that he should employ the language suggested by Fouché, the marshal, turning about on his couch, and making strange movements with his legs and arms, offered all kinds of objections. He declared that he was afraid to compromise himself with the Chambers, and seemed greatly alarmed.

"Really, gentlemen," I exclaimed, addressing myself to both marshals, "I can scarcely say how you surprise me; you, who are accustomed boldly to confront the dangers of war, tremble at the pen of a lawyer stuck behind his ear. . . . What could the Chambers do were you to close them to-morrow, and to make the army proclaim the king, with the acclaim of Paris and France?"

While Fouché was thus intriguing with Davoust, and the marshal, anxious to restore the king, but suspecting treachery and not knowing whom to trust, was hesitating to take a decided part, M. de Vitrolles found unexpected allies of the Bourbon cause in another quarter. The

extreme Jacobin party, kept down by every government of France for years, had raised its head after the defeat of Waterloo; and, forming its masses into armed bands, had offered to make Napoleon its chief, to put down Fouché and the *régime* of the Chambers, and to inaugurate a crusade against the allies on the pattern of that of 1793. The fallen emperor having rejected these overtures, its leader actually turned to the royalists, and, in their hatred of the existing government, proposed to lend their aid to restore the king if the royal favor were extended to them. M. de Vitrolles plunged into this intrigue also, and had an interview with two or three old Terrorists at the house of a great royalist noble. Merlin de Thionville made a curious speech:—

Disgusted with the tyranny of the Emperor, they had welcomed the return of the Royal House, as though it was to be the beginning of justice and lawful liberty. They had gone to the king with full hearts; he himself had had interviews with M. de Talleyrand; he had asked and obtained permission to form a body of irregulars, whom he would have employed in the service of the king. . . . And what, after the Restoration, had been the result? They had been thrust aside like scabby sheep; every door had been closed to them; in a word, they had been humiliated in every way. Notwithstanding all this, as they attributed these acts of injustice to M. de Talleyrand alone, they were still ready to attach themselves to the royal cause. In Paris they could dispose of 20,000 *fédérés*, and of the vast population of the faubourgs; they could direct these in the interests of the king, and could cause the gates of the capital to be opened to him.

M. de Vitrolles replied in the vaguest terms, and declined to make specific engagements; but at last, vexed at being confounded with Talleyrand in a charge of ingratitude, hinted that a place might be possibly found for a revolutionist in the royal councils to represent and look after Jacobin interests. The answer was significant:—

Merlin did not speak until after a moment's silence; the muscles of his face grew contracted.

"Ah! I see how it is. . . . It is Fouché you are thinking of! What, Fouché!"

He did not venture to accept or to repudiate a guarantee of the kind; but rage could be perceived in his face and his accent.

Meantime, events were rapidly tending to a crisis in the affairs of France. The allied armies were approaching Paris, and the remains of the imperial forces (including Grouchy's intact divisions) were being

collected around the capital. A terrible conflict was still possible, and the soldiery and the people of Paris were in a vindictive and troubled mood, that boded ill for the provisional government. The Chambers, too, feeling themselves powerless, were agitated, and without a purpose; but, with true instinct, they singled out Fouché as the object of general distrust and suspicion. The veteran intriguer was in real danger, and although, according to M. de Vitrolles, he had obtained the report he had sought from Davoust as to the impossibility of defending Paris, he hesitated to disclose it to the angry deputies, lest they might see in it a clear proof of treason. In this state of things he bethought himself of sending M. de Vitrolles to the allies' camp, with the twofold object of providing means for his own safety and that of his colleagues, and making the Restoration certain.

An hour after his message I was at the public office of the police. Fouché was standing, shaving his beard, before a mirror hung to the window. I can scarcely express what a disagreeable spectacle was presented by that weasel-like face, that negligent undress, and the razor which he moved along his throat. In spite of myself, I thought of that instrument which, by his orders, had struck necks very different from his own.

He turned round for a moment.

"We cannot take another step," he said, "unless you can obtain an assurance that the allied armies will stay hostile operations and their march on Paris, on the condition, of course, that the authority of the king is to be recognized. I have explained the affair to Marshal Grouchy; he will accompany you to the headquarters of Blücher and Wellington; but no one but you can arrange the business."

Davoust, as general-in-chief of the army, was necessarily to concur in this overture, but, always careful not to commit himself, Fouché sent him the vaguest possible message.

The letter which ought to have contained the instructions of the Government to the Minister of War, and to have authorised him to open a conference with the generals of the allied armies, was a mere piece of ambiguity. It was nothing but a set of phrases on the necessity of averting the dangers that threatened the capital; the thoughts were concealed, not expressed. I made serious remarks on the subject to the Duc d'Ortrante; but he replied, with his customary levity, "Why, what more should I write? That is enough, since you will be the bearer of the letter."

Characteristically, Fouché thought it advisable to offer a bribe to the allied generals.

Sums of money will be required; these people would have a right to them if they occupied Paris. You must give two million francs to the English, and fifteen hundred thousand francs to the Prussians.

M. de Vitrolles, as usual with his friend Oudinot, set off to the headquarters of Davoust. The rude soldier, who had always been for plain dealing with the allies and the king, on reading Fouché's ambiguous letter, instinctively felt that he was being made a dupe, and at first refused to agree to anything. He was beginning, however, to lend an ear to the observations of M. de Vitrolles, when a singular incident suddenly brought the intended negotiations to a close. A deputation — sent by the Chambers to thank the army for its late services — having been admitted into Davoust's presence, the marshal in the course of his reply* incautiously blurted out that M. de Vitrolles was about to proceed to the allies' quarters, and that peace would probably be the consequence. A scene of passionate tumult followed. On hearing the name of one notorious as a royalist of extreme views, the members of the deputation, already haunted by the suspicions, so to speak, filling the air, broke out into indignant protests; and the lieutenants, aides-de-camp, and staff of Davoust, who crowded the room, were equally vehement. The situation became so menacing that Oudinot and Grouchy quickly disappeared, the latter marshal (who had been profuse in loyal professions) being the first to go, and M. de Vitrolles was left alone to reason with a half-mad assembly. He showed remarkable courage and tact, but was overwhelmed with abuse and threats.

A general thrust his fist in my face. "The faults of the Bourbons, sir!" he exclaimed; "they have been guilty of much more than faults" . . . A young lieutenant-general, M. Dejean, who owed his promotion to the gov-

* It is very difficult to pronounce a positive opinion on the conduct of Davoust throughout this brief period. Charras represents him as a corrupt imperialist, half coerced, half cajoled by Fouché into accepting the Bourbons; conniving at Fouché's intrigues, and finally betraying Paris to the allies. This criticism, however, is wholly unjust. The marshal, as we know from his own correspondence, advised, from the outset, that frank overtures should be made to the Bourbons; but he had scarcely any part in Fouché's schemes, and evidently stood on his guard against him; and as for betraying Paris, he declared that he was ready to fight the allies, but very sensibly pointed out that even a victory could not prevent the ultimate triumph of Europe. We very much question M. de Vitrolles's statement that Davoust gave Fouché a formal and personal assurance that Paris could not be defended. A council of marshals, including the great names of Masséna and Soult, did; but not until the last moment, when Blücher's forces had crossed the Seine.

ernment of the king, unable to penetrate the group around us, kept screaming out in infuriated language, "We will never submit to the Bourbons! We had rather all perish than endure such disgrace."

Guilleminot, a well-known Waterloo name, alone in the crowd preserved his senses.

The contrast between his demeanor and that of the other madmen caused me to interchange a few words with him; this was the beginning of his fortune under the Restoration.

Curiously enough, too, old Marshal LeFebvre, a veteran of 1793-4, who a few days afterwards stood alone in urging his colleagues to defend Paris, seemed to have been playing a double game.

On the side of the bystanders he appeared intensely hostile; but as he turned towards me, he smiled and winked his eyes, as though to express his approval and to encourage me.

M. de Vitrolles escaped with difficulty, and repeated what had occurred to Fouché, convinced that his mission had failed for the time. A characteristic interview followed.

Fouché, calm as an old soldier, inured to greater dangers, replied, coolly, "Well, that is excellent; there you are in the midst of that camp; you are planted there like a white flag; what more could you desire? You have broken the ice. That is a great deal."

"Yes," I replied, "perhaps the ice has been broken, but it was nearly breaking on my head."

"What matter?" he said; "the effect has been produced all the same."

From what he informed me he had explained everything satisfactorily to the Deputies, who had asked him to account for his conduct.

"They are such fools!" he said, more than once. We then did ample justice to the tact of the commander-in-chief and to the political courage of Marshals Grouchy and Oudinot, who had deserted me.

Notwithstanding his boast of hoodwinking the Chambers, Fouché, nevertheless, thought it best to remove his royalist agent from the public gaze. M. de Vitrolles remained a few days in concealment, and took no part in the ignominious scenes which ended in the capitulation of Paris, an unconditional and abject surrender. When the Bourbon princes re-entered the capital, he was heartily welcomed by the Comte d'Artois; but the king, who did not like him, was less effusive.

The expressions of the king were very gracious; he said, in concluding, "Happy those who have suffered; theirs is the kingdom of Heaven!"

This, however, was not a promise as regards an earthly kingdom.

The greeting of Talleyrand was characteristic.

"Good morning, M. de Vitrolles," a sweet voice behind me murmured.

It was M. Talleyrand. He took my hand with every expression of affection, and made use of the most gracious language.

"It is not your fault that we see you here again; you will then always be prodigal of your life? But this must not be, so at least we think."

A quarter of an hour afterwards I was talking to Monsieur in the middle of the salon, when M. de Talleyrand, leaving the piece of furniture on which he was leaning, came to me and took me by the hand.

"Monsieur must know," he said, dwelling on the words, "that I am very fond of M. de Vitrolles, since his late unfortunate adventures."

One of the first questions for the restored government was the position to be assigned to Fouché. A variety of causes had raised the schemer to an eminence he in no way deserved. He had rendered the allies good service, he had handed over Paris to the king, and he had deceived the Chambers with such success that he appeared to many of the thoughtless royalists the only personage able to control the forces of revolutionary France. M. de Vitrolles, however, tells us that Fouché had in fact little hope of much royal favor: "'I hope, at least,' he said to me two or three times, 'that, after what I have done, I may be allowed to remain peaceably in my own country.'"

Be this as it may, the pretensions of Fouché were supported by the allies and their ministers, and by the great authority of the Duke of Wellington; and M. de Vitrolles thus describes the sentiments of his friends:—

There was a universal cry to raise Fouché to the office of Minister of Police. He alone, it was said, could preserve the king from the designs of enemies, and fear, too, came to his aid. All, even to the Bailli de Crussol, an old captain of the bodyguard of Monsieur, a man of fixed principles and stiff in his opinions—all preached on the housetops that the safety of the king and the monarchy depended on Fouché.

The indignation of M. de Vitrolles knew no bounds when he became aware that Fouché was to be made a minister, and that his own opinion had not been even asked. He made an angry protest, answered by Talleyrand in a different fashion from his wonted suavity:—

Tell M. de Vitrolles that Lord Castlereagh will be here at once, and that I have no time to reply. We are about to sit down to table, and after dinner I shall accompany the Duc d'Ortante to St. Denis, where he will take the oath of office, in the presence of the king.

M. de Vitrolles had several interviews with the duke during the first days of the occupation of Paris; indeed, his name finds a place in more than one passage of the supplementary despatches of Wellington. According to his own account, he was the first Frenchman who interfered to prevent the destruction of the Pont de Jena, threatened by Blücher. He tells us the story.

Alexis de Noailles and I went to see the Comte de Goltz, the Prussian minister; he was not at home. We then called on the Duke of Wellington; we were told that after dining he had gone to the opera. M. de Noailles hesitated, and did not like going. I differed from him. I caused the door of the opera box to be opened, and there was the Duke of Wellington in company with the Comte de Goltz. I asked the Comte de Goltz if he was aware of what his officers were about to do. . . . The answer of the Comte was in accordance with the rudeness of his character and the spirit of revenge which animated the Prussians. The Duke of Wellington was more courteous, and said that an understanding should be come to on the subject.

M. de Vitrolles returned to his old office of secretary of state under the restored government. It was a season of woe and ruin for France; the armies of Europe, spread over her soil, exacted the vengeance of unchecked conquerors; and it was due only to the jealousies of the allies that the provinces lost in the great war of 1870 were not torn from her in 1815. Yet more fatal, perhaps, than foreign oppression was the vindictive fury of her own children. The royalist faction, incensed at the thought of their own sufferings and their country's shame, rushed into the excesses of the White Terror; and, not to speak of the savage proscription of Ney and other distinguished names, the partisans of the Bourbons were guilty of atrocious crimes in the south and west. M. de Vitrolles, who, if not greatly belied, encouraged the movement in different ways, passes lightly over these terrible scenes; just as, true to the peculiar spirit of his class, he has not a word of regret for Waterloo, and he scarcely alludes to the second fall of Napoleon. One of the first results of the extreme violence of the counter revolution was to cause an outcry for the dismissal of Fouché from the coun-

cils of the king; and Talleyrand gladly threw over a personage who, after a few weeks of favor and power, became an object of general contempt and aversion. The crafty minister, M. de Vitrolles informs us, addressed him thus on this critical subject, and the following curious conversation took place.

I was leaving the minister's house one night, at about one o'clock, when the master called me back. He was leaning against a piece of furniture in his principal reception-room.

"Do you know, M. de Vitrolles," he said, "that if it be the king's pleasure he can easily send away the Duc d'Otrante?"

I tried to discover from his face for what reason he held this language.

"I tell you the king can readily dismiss Fouché."

"No doubt," I replied; "the king can dismiss Fouché, as he can dismiss you or me. That is so obvious that you must mean something more in what you say."

"You do not understand me; I tell you the king can send away Fouché whenever he wishes it."

"I understand that so well, that, since you will not explain, I will do so. I always opposed the admission of Fouché into the ministry, and I believe that sooner or later he will have to be removed. But three questions must be first settled—when and how is Fouché to be dismissed? who is to be responsible? and what will you do with Fouché when you have got rid of him?"

"I know nothing about all that," said M. de Talleyrand; "but I do know that the king may dismiss Fouché if he likes!"

Fouché was made to understand what his fate was to be in a singular and very characteristic fashion.

Next day the council had risen; it was at M. de Talleyrand's house. He was half sitting, upon his bureau, between the windows of the room. His lame leg hung down, and the other rested upon the floor. All the ministers had shut up their portfolios, some were seated, others standing about the round table, and I was in a great armchair between the door and the mantelpiece.

"As for me, gentlemen," said M. de Talleyrand, in a voice that made itself heard, "I have the best place in the gift of the king at my disposal."

"What place?" said M. Pasquier, turning round.

Prince Talleyrand then set forth the annoyances and humiliations that awaited the ministers compelled to treat with the allied sovereigns for the ransom of France. What, too, would be for a long time the position of our ambassadors with these Powers? There was one country, one only, he added, where a minister of the king would possess all the advantages of his rank and enjoy real influence.

"That minister," he remarked, after a pause, "would be the representative of France at the United States."

The prince had scarcely uttered these last words when Fouché, who was sitting on the opposite side of the council table, and was furthest off, cast on me a look from his little glittering eyes, measuring me from head to foot, as though to accuse me of the attack that was being made upon him. I confess that on this occasion, and this only, he made me look down. M. de Talleyrand, in order to break the silence which had followed his speech, began to chatter about America.

"It is such a fine country. Are you acquainted with that country, M. de Vitrolles? I am; I have travelled through it, I have lived there; it is a noble land. It possesses rivers of a size unknown to us; for instance, the Potomac—nothing can be finer than the Potomac. And then such magnificent forests, full of those trees some specimens of which we have in greenhouses—what are they called?"

"Daturas," I observed.

"Just so, forests of daturas."

He entangled himself in the Potomac and the daturas, and one could not understand what he was at. The ministers had soon gone, one after the other, and I remained alone with the prince.

"You are a strange personage," I said; "last night you seemed as if you would not understand me, and now you go forward, though no preparations are made."

"Yes," he replied, "that is so; I thought it as well to throw a few words beforehand as an essay; besides, I am about to wait on the king, and we shall talk on the subject."

The consummation was not long retarded.

It was I who, when the council broke up, usually gave the king an account of what had been done. Nevertheless, when M. de Talleyrand attended I naturally yielded this duty to him. That evening when I entered his closet the king exhibited a delight he could scarcely restrain.

"Do you know," he said, "M. de Talleyrand was here this morning to propose to me that the Duc d'Otrante should be dismissed?"

The influences that caused the disgrace of Fouché soon proved sufficient to overthrow the minister who a few weeks before had appeared all powerful. The circumstances that led to the fall of Talleyrand are already sufficiently known to history; * but M. de Vitrolles adds a few particulars. Talleyrand, undermined by intrigues at court, had endeavored to obtain a pledge from the king of sincere

* M. de Vitrolles does not mention that the disgrace of Talleyrand was, in part, due to the influence of the emperor Alexander, who had never forgiven Talleyrand's attitude at the Congress of Vienna; but there can be little doubt of the fact.

support in his difficult post when he was suddenly dismissed by Louis XVIII.

M. de Talleyrand, usually so skilful in adroit insinuation, had, no doubt, thought that, on this occasion, a more peremptory tone ought to be adopted; the king, who was not accustomed to this, became angry, and, fixing his eyes on the ceiling, remained silent for an instant.

"Well," at last he said, very quietly, "I shall, in that case, form another ministry."

The old statesman, who, whatever his faults, had admirably served the Bourbon cause, especially at Vienna in 1814, assumed his habitual air of indifference; but he was justly indignant, and Europe with him.

M. de Talleyrand was dumbfounded. He especially feared that it should be supposed that he had fallen into a snare. He concealed under a show of studied insouciance his resentment at having fallen in so sudden, so unexpected, so unintelligible a way. The ministers of the allies and the sovereigns themselves, even those who least liked M. de Talleyrand, were disquieted at his removal. The king seemed like a ship without a rudder, and they tried to find out how we should replace the old diplomatist. Talleyrand spoke lightly, and almost jestingly, of the affront.

"The king seems to have been only too happy to get rid of us," he said to me, in a mocking tone.

The fall at the same time, and through the same means, of the two leading men who, after deserting Napoleon in 1814-15, attained marked eminence in the Bourbon councils, induces us to make a few remarks. Talleyrand and Fouché had some common qualities: both were skilful pilots in troubled waters; both were supple, adroit, and versed in intrigue; both had few scruples and hard consciences; and both concealed ambition and a thirst for power under a calm, easy, and impassive demeanor. Yet the resemblance is superficial only, and it has been chiefly due to accidental circumstances that they have been often compared in history. Though trained to his calling in the worst of schools, Talleyrand was, in no doubtful sense, a statesman; the ideas of the Revolution and the force of the empire never wholly perverted his fine intellect; and something of the moderation of the great churchmen who, at different times, have been supreme in politics, may be seen in the many attempts he made to restrain Napoleon's unwise ambition, and to uphold the just rights of the vanquished Continent. At Vienna, too, he

displayed capacity and intelligence of a high order, and represented France with address and dignity; and in 1815 he at least endeavored to check the madness of the extreme Royalists, though his efforts ought to have been more decided. Talleyrand, therefore, many as his faults are, remains a great historical figure; and if time has almost effaced his work, he retains a claim on his country's gratitude, and he stands high among illustrious Frenchmen. Fouché, on the other hand, was a mere schemer, a creature of low intrigue and device, who never rose superior to self-interest; and on the one occasion when he had the chance, he signally proved that in the great game of politics he had little insight or real ability. If he had an idea in 1815, it was that Europe might be induced to try the experiment of the empire again, and to place the crown of Napoleon I. on the baby head of Napoleon II., as if the lessons of 1814 were nothing, and as if, after Waterloo, and the new arrangement of the map of Europe made at Vienna, any king but a Bourbon for France was possible. As for his policy after the Hundred Days, it was a specimen of mean craft and cowardice ending in utter and disastrous failure. A real statesman, as Siéyès observed, ought at this crisis either to have urged the agitated Chambers to support Napoleon, and to enable him to continue the war, or he ought to have frankly made overtures to the Bourbons and the allies at once, and endeavored to obtain some kind of conditions for the interests of his defeated country. Fouché never contemplated either course; but chiefly thinking of his own objects, and floating weakly on the tide of events, pursued a game of intrigue and deceit which ended in the Restoration — indeed the necessity of which he at last recognized, but which placed France, the Chambers, and his own party at the mercy of Europe and Louis XVIII., and that, too, after a display of feebleness and of indecision in camp and in council humiliating in the highest degree. The result was that, although the allies, to whom his treachery had proved useful, and a party among the vehement royalists, who looked only to their own triumph, contrived to place Fouché in high office, and surrounded him with fictitious renown, his real littleness was soon made evident; he was quickly forgotten after his fall; and he is now only known as one of those base natures occasionally raised to undeserved eminence in the chances of a revolutionary time.

M. de Vitrolles continued to hold office for a time after the fall of Talleyrand. The services he had lately rendered had increased his influence in the royal councils; and though not liked by the king or the ministers, his position gave him a good deal of authority. He made himself useful in many ways to Louis XVIII. as a kind of companion; and the old king, who was pleased with his wit and intelligence, employed him in some affairs of importance, without giving him his full confidence. His position at court appeared so eminent that Talleyrand, he assures us, gravely asked if he was not to succeed him as first minister; and Gouvion St. Cyr, when minister of war, was so irritated at the way in which the king made some appointments through him, that the marshal threatened to resign his office. The Duc de Richelieu, when in Talleyrand's place, soon found out that the undefined power and secret influence of M. de Vitrolles were unconstitutional and not to be borne; and Louis XVIII., at his minister's instance, dismissed his faithful emissary at a moment's notice. M. de Vitrolles thus describes how he parted with the king:—

My only revenge was the extreme embarrassment of his Majesty, and the cowardly weakness he displayed when obliged to tell me what was to happen. He tried every turn of coquettish flattery; never was his look more gracious, or his language more sweet. From these signs I guessed the explanation he had so much difficulty in giving, and I endeavored to make it easy for him. Instead of expressing surprise, of complaining, of entreating, I remained calm, and received my sentence with a smile on the lip, and with an almost insolent indifference.

The retirement of M. de Vitrolles from office restored him to what had always been his proper sphere, and his true allegiance. He became one of the small junta of councillors who crowded the closet of the Comte d'Artois, and made the *Pavillon Marsan* the seat of a vehement opposition, in the extreme royalist sense, to the constitutional government of France. His attitude was caused, in some degree, by personal disappointment and pique, for he cordially disliked MM. Decazes and Villèle, the ministers who followed the Duc de Richelieu; but he honestly thought parliamentary rule incompatible with the Bourbon monarchy, and pregnant with grave and incursing dangers. In 1818 he committed an act which brought him within the reach of the law, and exposed him to the wrath of a government eager to

strike down a troublesome enemy. At the instance, he tells us, of a friend, he wrote a memorandum, of which the purport was to prove that France, under her existing rulers, was still in such an alarming state that the throne could not stand without the allied armies; and his friend gave the missive to an aide-de-camp of the czar, with an assurance that it fell short of the truth. The "secret note," as it was called at the time, having gone the round of the Continental cabinets, made a great impression in France and Europe; and the government of Louis, naturally incensed at the charge of incapacity alleged against it, denounced the author as chief of a plot to impair or subvert the royal authority. M. de Vitrolles was arrested and charged with a crime not widely removed from high treason; and though the evidence against him was not sufficient, he was loudly condemned in public opinion, was forsaken by most of his royalist friends, and was even abandoned by the Comte d'Artois, who, he informs us, had read and approved his paper. During the next eight years he remained in disgrace, taking little part in the politics of the day; and he was so unpopular and fallen in esteem that Charles X., on ascending the throne, as we have said, was afraid to make him a minister, though he had never ceased to seek, in private, his counsel. In 1827, through the king's favor, M. de Vitrolles emerged from his late obscurity; but he received only the subordinate place of minister at the court of Florence. In this position he was introduced to the discrowned empress, Marie Louise, and his memoirs contain details of interest respecting Napoleon's luckless widow. We have only space for the following:—

What surprised me most in her conversation was her remarkable forgetfulness of Paris, and of her life and existence in France. She asked me what had become of the Pantheon, and, soon afterwards, what was the metropolitan church of Paris. The family of Napoleon seemed to be unknown personages when one spoke to her about them. Even those who had been attached to her service were so completely forgotten, that she asked questions as to their appearance, their beauty, their intelligence. In a late conversation she said to me, referring to the time she had spent in Paris, "Ah! I have hitherto been very happy here, and the first period of my life seems to me only a troubled dream."

The secret influence of M. de Vitrolles in the royal councils increased from this time. By his own account he had much

to do with the formation of the Martignac ministry—a final and insincere effort to reconcile the divine right of kings with constitutional and modern France. He was at Florence when the news arrived that Polignac had been appointed minister, and he was clear-sighted enough to perceive that a ministry the leaders of which, as was happily said, chiefly represented Coblenz and Waterloo, was of evil omen to the house of Bourbon. His estimate of the favorite was not high.

M. de Polignac was completely ignorant of the condition and the public opinion of France when he chose to take the helm of affairs with silly foolhardiness. Nobody, too, was more mistaken than he was as to his own character and capacity; this is intelligible, for he imposed on other people. His conversation was easy; and he possessed a kind of grace of manner and an address which led one to believe that he had more intelligence than could be gathered from his words. He understood things readily, but superficially; suavity, politeness, and the habits of society made up the rest of him.

Having returned to Paris at the end of 1829, M. de Vitrolles witnessed the great events which terminated in the Revolution of July. The part of his memoirs which contains these scenes abounds in details of extreme interest, many of which have never been published before. M. de Vitrolles, we doubt not, somewhat exaggerates the influence which, he takes care to tell us, he would have had on the course of affairs had his voice prevailed in the king's councils; but at this juncture he certainly displayed intelligence, zeal, and unselfish loyalty; and possibly, had Charles X. heeded his advice, he might have retained his crown for a time. After the general election of 1830, following what we may call the Grand Remonstrance addressed by the Chambers to the king, M. de Vitrolles saw that a crisis was near; and, keen as he always was to interpret facts, he implored the ministers not to commit themselves to the extreme measures he believed were imminent.

I was convinced that the ministry was about to embark in a dangerous enterprise; public opinion, as it had shown itself during six months, seemed to render success impossible. Under these impressions I addressed several ministers, and spoke to each of them as they were entering the closet of the king; I spoke nearly in the same way to all, and forcibly, and bitterly, to make them understand my meaning.

"I do not ask your secret," I said, "but I warn you that, at this moment, you do not possess the power to commit an act of inso-

lence. You would find no support, no, not even from the Royalists, whose confidence has been shaken; it would be an insult to the newly convened Chamber, strong as it is through the late elections. The monarchical majority would turn against you. Beware! the occasion is more dangerous than you imagine. Do not play with fire over a powder magazine!"

This prophetic warning was not well received; and within twenty-four hours the famous Ordinances which wrecked the monarchy were all over Paris. M. de Vitrolles, curiously enough, had met the Duc d'Orléans the evening before, at a dinner party of the Duc de Bourbon. The citizen-king of the near future spoke anxiously of the state of affairs, but evidently as yet had not a thought of playing with revolution to win a crown.

I have always felt assured that at this moment the prince had neither foreseen nor prepared the events which led him, as if by fate, to power. I was prejudiced against him and disapproved of his hidden and cowardly opposition during the whole period of the Restoration; but I could not perceive in all that he said to me that day an illegitimate thought or hope. Nay, his face did not wear the disagreeable smile which would have flickered across it could he have anticipated the misfortunes of others and the good he could secure for himself from them. He could not see through the clouds, and was alarmed.

An accident enabled M. de Vitrolles to play a remarkable part in the events that followed. The Ordinances appeared on July 26; and, after having dined on that day with the well-known favorite of Louis XVIII., the French Krüdener of the Holy Alliance, M. de Vitrolles went to an evening party at the house of the Duchesse de Vicence, the widow of Napoleon's foreign minister, and long an ornament of Parisian salons. He was waited on by a trusted agent of the justly indignant Liberal party, who, imagining, as was generally believed, that his influence with the king was great, informed him that Paris was about to rise, and that the army would not be faithful, but promised that, if concessions were made, the popular movement could be checked, and entreated him to negotiate with General Gérard, the foremost military opposition chief. The capital had as yet been scarcely disturbed, and M. de Vitrolles declined the interview; but, with a true instinct of impending danger, he did not wholly reject the overture, and assured the agent he would reflect upon it. The aspect of Paris on the next morning, with revolution already in the streets,

and armed mobs beginning the work of terror, induced him to set off for St. Cloud, where Charles X. had taken up his abode, surrounded by the court, and serenely confident. M. de Vitrolles was graciously received by the king, but was told that Paris would not dare to stir; that the troops would easily quell resistance; and that the leaders of the Left were under arrest; and, in reply to an earnest request to hear, at least, the proposals of Gérard, the ill-advised monarch stiffly replied: "No; it does not become me to appear to treat with rebellious subjects. Let them lay down their arms, and they will obtain all that will flow from my bounty. It is contrary to my nature to begin an insincere negotiation."

M. de Vitrolles left St. Cloud with a heavy heart, and addressed to Polignac a grave warning to pause upon the brink of an abyss. The issue of events was still doubtful; for, though a large part of the insurgent capital was in the hands of the excited populace, the soldiery were as yet staunch. Marmont, lately placed in command in Paris, held the Tuileries and Louvre in sufficient force; and the Liberal leaders, not unmindful of the anarchy of 1793-4, were still willing to treat with the king. Their emissary met M. de Vitrolles again on the morning of the fateful 28th; and a specific compromise was distinctly offered. The conversation deserves quoting, though it is questionable if the agent possessed the plenary powers M. de Vitrolles supposed.

"Yes," he said, "there is still time; let the king consent to sacrifice ministers, objects of universal hatred; let him choose men invested with public confidence, and the people will be disarmed."

"Well, but," I replied, "who are the personages surrounded with this halo of popular favor?"

I was afraid that he would mention dreaded names—Lafayette, Benjamin Constant—but not at all. He tried to recollect the name of the Duc de Mortemart, but was unsuccessful.

"The member of the Chamber of Paris, who was ambassador at St. Petersburg," He recognized the name when I mentioned it.

"Well, who next?"

"Well, General Gérard as Minister of War."

"What then?"

"Why these two, if commissioned to form a ministry, would probably appoint Casimir Périer Minister of Finance or of the Interior."

"Pray put that in writing. Have you anything more to ask for?"

"No; these men will do all that is required."

M. de Vitrolles hastened to St. Cloud again, rightly judging that the proposed

terms were worthy at least of serious attention. On reaching the palace he found the ministers, who had been at the Tuileries the day before, in council upon the state of affairs; and two well-known members of the Chamber of Peers, MM. d'Argout and De Semonville, had recently come, and had offered their aid. M. de Vitrolles made a strong appeal to Polignac to sacrifice himself for the safety of the throne, and to urge the king to form a new ministry; but he was treated with cool insolence by the Duc d'Angoulême, just made commander-in-chief of the army, who, ignorant of what was going on in Paris, exclaimed that no truce was to be made with rebels. The obstinate folly of the prince almost passes belief.

I learned afterwards that Monseigneur the Dauphin, on returning to the council, and on hearing the proposal to change the ministry, declared that there was but one thing to do—namely, to shoot the Baron de Vitrolles; that negotiations enfeebled councillors and troops.

The situation was suddenly changed by the unexpected arrival of Marmont. That luckless general, always disposed to make efforts too great for his force, had attempted to clear the insurgent quarter of the capital by a general movement; the attack, in part successful, had scattered his troops; and the Louvre and Tuileries, left ill defended, had been exposed to the whole weight of the revolt. A mistaken order to the Swiss Guards gave an opportunity to the swarming assailants; the palace and its precincts were stormed and plundered; and Marmont, who, a few hours before, had boasted that he could defy Paris, was compelled to draw off in hasty retreat. The scenes of 1789 were then renewed; appeals were made by the mob to the troops; and regiment after regiment, baffled and half-starved, and without heart for the Bourbon cause, showed signs of breaking away from its officers. The Revolution had now triumphed; and Marmont having declared that he could fight no longer, Charles X. sullenly yielded to fate. Prince Polignac and his colleagues resigned; a promise was made to recall the Ordinances; and the Duc de Mortemart was named minister, with Gérard as head of the War Office. The king, however, only gave in at the last moment and against his will.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "in yielding in this way, perhaps unwisely, to the stress of circumstances, I must tell you I am thoroughly, and at heart, convinced that, considering the line of action we are forced to take, no good

can be done either as regards the future of France or the welfare of the Monarchy."

M. de Vitrolles, with MM. d'Argout and De Semonville, was deputed to wait on the Liberal leaders — already installed at the Hôtel de Ville — and to inform them of the promised concessions. The party threaded their way with difficulty through the approaches of the insurgent capital, and found Jacobinism triumphant as they reached the Tuileries.

We met figures such as are not seen on other occasions: some covered with rags, some scarcely clothed; you saw many in torn shirts and worn-out trousers tied by a cord to the shoulders — some, indeed, without even this kind of braces, hitched up their only garment with one hand, while with the other they brandished sticks or like weapons. Most had their legs naked, or were shod in such a way that sabots would have been deemed a luxury. But these were the least offensive features of this hideous and revolting spectacle. Judge what was the expression of these faces, with every imaginable shade of frenzy or stupidity, of ferocity or cowardice. They were intoxicated with every sort of intoxication. Wine was the least cause; the smell of gunpowder, victory, which for them was only a reaction from terror, shouting, and bloodshed, had set them mad. Such was the aspect of those multitudes.

M. de Vitrolles and his colleagues found Casimir Périer and other members of the Opposition already forming, at the Hôtel de Ville, a provisional government generally obeyed. M. Périer, however, received the envoys of Charles X. with unfeigned courtesy. The whole tenor of events proves that the Liberal chiefs were not disposed to call up anarchy to overturn the throne; but he justly remarked that M. de Vitrolles bore no written assurance from the king that the proposed arrangements would be ever carried out. M. de Vitrolles, with characteristic loyalty, offered to become a hostage for his master's faith; and it was agreed, after a brief interview, that the king should give the required credentials, and that the re-establishment of the National Guard — dissolved by Charles X. in a fit of anger — should be another of the conditions of peace. M. Périer parted from M. de Vitrolles with expressions of good-will and surprise that so well known a partisan of royalty should have ventured to show his face in Paris; and he insisted on giving the bold emissary a safe-conduct under an assumed name. M. de Vitrolles was still confident of ultimate success; but the aspect of the Parisian populace, and of the

tricolor floating from a thousand housetops, would have undeceived a less sanguine mind. The Revolution, indeed, had, perhaps, by this time gone beyond the control of the Hôtel de Ville. M. de Semonville, a veteran of 1789, had found it convenient to disappear; but M. de Vitrolles, with his remaining colleague, reached St. Cloud early on the morning of the 29th. M. de Vitrolles insisted on awakening the king. Charles X., during these eventful days, had, with real or assumed indifference, pursued the ordinary course of his life; and the loyal councillor spoke out plainly to his irritated and still unconvinced sovereign. The author has left this record of their last interview: —

The king had never been pressed so severely before; the signs of this were apparent: his face was flushed, and my task was a disagreeable one. His silence was only interrupted by words that implied resistance. "We have not come to this! that is too much!" I thought it necessary to strike hard.

"I am surprised, Sire," I said, "that your Majesty does not see where affairs are now. The question is not of disputing about this or that measure; it is essential that, whatever the means, the royal authority, nay, the title of the king, shall be acknowledged in Paris, and we have not even gained this point. Things have come to such a pass that I should consider it a miracle if M. de Mortemart, now here, and your minister, should within the next three days be able to form a ministry and to countersign an ordinance of the king. Yes, Sire, it would be a miracle!"

The king having at last agreed to everything, it was arranged that the new minister should proceed to the Hôtel de Ville, but unaccompanied by M. de Vitrolles, whose presence was not considered advisable. The occasion, however, had been allowed to pass, and the provisional government, possibly yielding to circumstances it could no longer master, was already treating with the Duc d'Orléans. M. de Vitrolles had seen his master for the last time; and in the new world that opened in France he was relegated to obscurity and soon forgotten. He probably has given too much prominence to the part he played in the Revolution of July; and even if Charles X. had assented in the first instance to all that was asked of him, we believe that, after the events of the 28th, the Revolution could not have been stayed. M. de Vitrolles, however, at this great crisis gave real proof of undoubted courage, of fine intelligence, nay, of true wisdom; and had Polignac minded his first warning, the monarchy might have

been saved for the time. His high qualities of head and heart must be set off against obvious faults; and, for the rest, his memoirs remain a possession of lasting value for the literature of France.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY MARKHAM'S story was one which was very well known to society — to which everything is known — though it had remained so long a secret, and was still a mystery to one of her children. Waring had been able to lose himself in distance, and keep his position concealed from every one; but it was clear that his wife could not do so, remaining as she did in the world which was fully acquainted with her, and which required an explanation of everything that happened. Perhaps it is more essential to a woman than to a man that her position should be fully explained, though it is one of the drawbacks of an established place and sphere, which is seldom spoken of, yet is very real, and one of the greatest embarrassments of life. So long as existence is without complications, this matters little; but when these arise, those difficulties which so often distract the career of a family, the inevitable explanations that have to be made to the little interested ring of spectators, is often the worst part of domestic trouble. Waring, whose temperament was what is called sensitive — that is, impatient, self-willed, and unenduring — would not submit to such a necessity. But a woman cannot fly; she must stand in her place, if she has any regard for that place, and for the reputation which it is common to say is more delicate and easily injured than is that of a man — and make her excuse to the world. Perhaps, as, sooner or later, excuses and explanations must be afforded, it is the wiser plan to get over them publicly and at once; for even Waring, as has been seen, though he escaped, and had a dozen years of tranquillity, had at the last to submit himself to the questions of Mr. Durant. All that was over for these dozen years with Lady Markham. Everybody knew exactly what her position was. Scandal had never breathed upon her, either at the moment of the separation or afterwards. It had been a foolish, romantic love-marriage be-

tween a woman of society and a man who was half rustic, half scholar. They had found after a time that they could not endure each other — as anybody with a head on his shoulders could have told them from the beginning, society said. And then he had taken the really sensible though wild and romantic step of banishing himself and leaving her free. There were some who had supposed this a piece of *bizarre* generosity, like the man, and some who thought it only a natural return to the kind of life that suited him best.

Lady Markham had, of course, been censured for this, her second marriage; and equally, of course, was censured for this breach of it; for the separation, which, indeed, was none of her doing; for retaining her own place when her husband left her; and, in short, for every step she had taken in the matter from first to last. But that was twelve years ago, which is a long time in all circumstances, and which counts for about a century in society: and nobody thought of blaming her any longer, or of remarking at all upon the matter. The present lords and ladies of fashionable life had always known her as she was, and there was no further question about her history. When, in the previous season, Miss Waring had made her *début* in society and achieved the success which had been so remarkable, there was indeed a little languid question as to who was her father among those who remembered that Waring was not the name of the Markham family; but this was not interesting enough to cause any excitement. And Frances, still thrilling with the discovery of the other life, of which she had never suspected the existence, and ignorant even now of everything except the mere fact of it, suddenly found herself embraced and swallowed up in a perfectly understood and arranged routine in which there was no mystery at all.

"The first thing you must do is to make acquaintance with your relations," said Lady Markham next morning at breakfast. "Fortunately we have this quiet time before Easter to get over all these preliminaries. Your aunt Cavendish will expect to see you at once."

Frances was greatly disturbed by this new discovery. She gave a covert glance at Markham, who, though it was not his habit to appear so early, had actually produced himself at breakfast to see how the little one was getting on. Markham looked back again, elevating his eyebrows, and not understanding at first what the question meant.

"And there are all the cousins," said the mother, with that plaintive tone in her voice. "My dear, I hope you are not in the way of forming friendships, for there are so many of them! I think the best thing will be to get over all these duty introductions at once. I must ask the Cavendishes—don't you think, Markham?—to dinner, and perhaps the Peytons—quite a family party."

"Certainly, by all means," said Markham; "but first of all, don't you think she wants to be dressed?"

Lady Markham looked at Frances critically from her smooth little head to her neat little shoes. The girl was standing by the fire, with her head reclined against the mantelpiece of carved oak, which, as a "reproduction," was very much thought of in Eaton Square. Frances felt that the blush with which she met her mother's look must be seen, though she turned her head away, through the criticised clothes.

"Her dress is very simple; but there is nothing in bad taste. Don't you think I might take her anywhere as she is? I did not notice her hat," said Lady Markham with gravity; "but if that is right—simplicity is quite the right thing at eighteen."

"And in Lent," said Markham.

"It is quite true; in Lent, it is better than the right thing—it is the best thing. My dear, you must have had a very good maid. Foreign women have certainly better taste than the class we get our servants from. What a pity you did not bring her with you! One can always find room for a clever maid."

"I don't believe she had any maid; it is all out of her own little head," said Markham. "I told you not to let yourself be taken in. She has a deal in her, that little thing."

Lady Markham smiled, and gave Frances a kiss, enfolding her once more in that soft atmosphere which had been such a revelation to her last night. "I am sure she is a dear little girl, and is going to be a great comfort to me. You will want to write your letters this morning, my love, which you must do before lunch. And after lunch, we will go and see your aunt. You know that is a matter of—what shall we call it, Markham?—conscience, with me."

"Pride," Markham said, coming and standing by them in front of the fire.

"Perhaps a little," she answered with a smile; "but conscience too. I would not have her say that I had kept the child from her for a single day."

"That is how conscience speaks, Fan," said Markham. "You will know next time you hear it. And after the Cavendishes?"

"Well—of course, there must be a hundred things the child wants. We must look at your evening dresses together, darling. Tell Josephine to lay them out and let me see them. We are going to have some people at the Priory for Easter; and when we come back, there will be no time. Yes, I think on our way home from Portland Place, we must look into—a shop or two."

"Now my mind is relieved," Markham said. "I thought you were going to change the course of nature, Fan."

"The child is quite bewildered by your nonsense, Markham," the mother said.

And this was quite true. Frances had never been on such terms with her father as would have entitled her to venture to laugh at him. She was confused with this new phase, as well as with her many other discoveries; and it appeared to her that Markham looked just as old as his mother. Lady Markham was fresh and fair, her complexion as clear as a girl's, and her hair still brown and glossy. If art in any way added to this perfection, Frances had no suspicion of such a possibility. And when she looked from her mother's round and soft contour to the wrinkles of Markham, and his no-color and indefinite age, and heard him address her with that half-caressing, half-bantering equality, the girl's mind grew more and more hopelessly confused. She withdrew, as was expected of her, to write her letters, though without knowing how to fulfil that duty. She could write (of course) to her father. It was of course, and so was what she told him. "We arrived about six o'clock. I was dreadfully confused with the noise and the crowds of people. Mamma was very kind. She bids me send you her love. The house is very fine, and full of furniture, and fires in all the rooms; but one wants that, for it is much colder here. We are going out after luncheon to call on my aunt Cavendish. I wish very much I knew who she was, or who my other relations are; but I suppose I shall find out in time." This was the scope of Frances's letter. And she did not feel warranted, somehow, in writing to Constance. She knew so little of Constance; and was she not in some respects a supplanter, taking Constance's place? When she had finished her short letter to her father, which was all fact, with very few reflections, Frances paused and

looked round her, and felt no further inspiration. Should she write to Mariuccia? But that would require time — there was so much to be said to Mariuccia. Facts were not what she would want — at least, it would have to be facts of a different kind; and Frances felt that daylight and all the arrangements of the new life, the necessity to be ready for luncheon and to go out after, were not conditions under which she could begin to pour out her heart to her old nurse, the attendant of her childhood. She must put off till the evening, when she should be alone and undisturbed, with time and leisure to collect all her thoughts and first impressions. She put down her pen, which was not, indeed, an instrument she was much accustomed to wield, and began to think instead; but all her thinking would not tell her who the relatives were to whom she was about to be presented; and she reflected with horror that her ignorance must betray the secret which she had so carefully kept, and expose her father to further and further criticism.

There was only one way of avoiding this danger, and that was through Markham, who alone could help her, who was the only individual in whom she could feel a confidence that he would give her what information he could, and understand why she asked. If she could but find Markham! she went down-stairs, timidly flitting along the great staircase through the great drawing-room, which was vacant, and found no trace of him. She lingered, peeping out from between the curtains of the windows upon the leafless gardens outside in the spring sunshine, the passing carriages which she could see through their bare boughs, the broad pavement close at hand with so few passengers, the clatter now and then of a hansom, which amused her even in the midst of her perplexity, or the drawing up of a brougham at some neighboring door. After a minute's distraction thus, she returned again to make further investigations from the drawing-room door, and peep over the balusters to watch for her brother. At last she had the good luck to perceive him coming out of one of the rooms on the lower floor. She darted down as swift as a bird and touched him on the sleeve. He had his hat in his hand, as if preparing to go out. "Oh," she said in a breathless whisper, "I want to speak to you; I want to ask you something," holding up her hand with a warning hush.

"What is it?" returned Markham,

chiefly with his eyebrows, with a comic affectation of silence and secrecy which tempted her to laugh in spite of herself. Then he nodded his head, took her hand in his, and led her up-stairs to the drawing-room again. "What is it you want to ask me? Is it a state secret? The palace is full of spies, and the walls of ears," said Markham with mock solemnity, "and I may risk my head by following you. Fair conspirator, what do you want to ask?"

"O Markham, don't laugh at me — it is serious. Please, who is my aunt Cavendish?"

"You little Spartan!" he said; "you are a plucky little girl, Fan. You won't betray the daddy, come what may. You are quite right, my dear; but he ought to have told you. I don't approve of him, though I approve of you."

"Papa has a right to do as he pleases," said Frances steadily; "that is not what I asked you, please."

He stood and smiled at her, patting her on the shoulder. "I wonder if you will stand by me like that, when you hear me get my due? Who is your aunt Cavendish? She is your father's sister, Fan; I think the only one who is left."

"Papa's sister! I thought it must be — on the other side."

"My mother," said Markham, "has few relations; which is a misfortune that I bear with equanimity. Mrs. Cavendish married a lawyer a great many years ago, Fan, when he was poor; and now he is very rich, and they will make him a judge one of these days."

"A judge," said Frances. "Then he must be very good and wise. And my aunt —"

"My dear, the wife's qualities are not as yet taken into account. She is very good, I don't doubt; but they don't mean to raise her to the bench. You must remember when you go there, Fan, that they are *the other side*."

"What do you mean by the other side?" inquired Frances anxiously, fixing her eyes upon the kind, queer, insignificant personage, who yet was so important in this house.

Markham gave forth that little chuckle of a laugh which was his special note of merriment. "You will soon find it out for yourself," he replied; "but the dear old mammy can hold her own. Is that all? for I'm running off; I have an engagement."

"Oh, not all — not half. I want you to tell me — I want to know — I — I don't

know where to begin," said Frances, with her hand on the sleeve of his coat.

"Nor I," he retorted with a laugh. "Let me go now; we'll find an opportunity. Keep your eyes, or rather your ears, open; but don't take all you hear for gospel. Good-bye till to-night. I'm coming here to-night."

"Don't you live here?" said Frances, accompanying him to the door.

"Not such a fool, thank you," replied Markham, stopping her gently, and closing the door of the room with care after him as he went away.

Frances was much discouraged by finding nothing but that closed door in front of her where she had been gazing into his ugly but expressive face. It made a sort of dead stop, an emphatic punctuation, marking the end. Why should he say he was not such a fool as to live at home with his mother? Why should he be so *nice* and yet so odd? Why had Constance warned her not to put herself in Markham's hands? All this confused the mind of Frances whenever she began to think. And she did not know what to do with herself. She stole to the window and watched through the white curtains, and saw him go away in the hansom which stood waiting at the door. She felt a vacancy in the house after his departure, the loss of a support, an additional silence and sense of solitude; even something like a panic took possession of her soul. The impulse was to rush up-stairs again and shut herself up in her room. She had never yet been alone with her mother except for a moment. She dreaded the (quite unnecessary, to her thinking) meal which was coming, at which she must sit down opposite to Lady Markham, with that solemn old gentleman, dressed like Mr. Durant, and that gorgeous theatrical figure of a footman, serving the two ladies. Ah, how different from Domenico — poor Domenico, who had called her *carina* from her childhood, and who wept over her hand as he kissed it, when she was coming away! Oh when should she see these faithful friends again?

"I want you to be quite at your ease with your aunt Cavendish," said Lady Markham at luncheon, when the servants had left the room. "She will naturally want to know all about your father and your way of living. We have not talked very much on that subject, my dear, because, for one thing, we have not had much time; and because — But she will want to know all the little details. And, my darling, I want just to tell you,

to warn you. Poor Caroline is not very fond of me. Perhaps it is natural. She may say things to you about your mother —"

"O no, mamma," said Frances, looking up in her mother's face.

"You don't know, my dear. Some people have a great deal of prejudice. Your aunt Caroline, as is quite natural, takes a different view. I wonder if I can make you understand what I mean without using words which I don't want to use?"

"Yes," said Frances; "you may trust me, mamma; I think I understand."

Lady Markham rose and came to where her child sat, and kissed her tenderly. "My dear, I think you will be a great comfort to me," she said. "Constance was always hot-headed. She would not make friends, when I wished her to make friends. The Cavendishes are very rich; they have no children, Frances. Naturally, I wish you to stand well with them. Besides that I would not allow her to suppose for a moment that I would keep you from her — that is what I call conscience, and Markham calls pride."

Frances did not know what to reply. She did not understand what the wealth of the Cavendishes had to do with it; everything else she could understand. She was very willing, nay, eager to see her father's sister, yet very determined that no one should say a word to her to the detriment of her mother. So far as that went, in her own mind all was clear.

From The Nineteenth Century.

DIET IN RELATION TO AGE AND ACTIVITY.

BY SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

ENOUGH, and more than enough perhaps, has been uttered concerning the prejudicial effects on the body of habitually using alcoholic beverages. It is rare now to find any one, well acquainted with human physiology, and capable of observing and appreciating the ordinary wants and usages of life around him, who does not believe that, with few exceptions, men and women are healthier and stronger, physically, intellectually, and morally, without such drinks than with them. And confessedly there is little or nothing new to be said respecting a conclusion which has been so thoroughly investigated, discussed, and tested by experience, as this. It is useless, and indeed impolitic, in the well-intentioned effort to arouse public attention to the subject, to

make exaggerated statements in relation thereto. But the important truth has still to be preached, repeated, and freshly illustrated, when possible, in every quarter of society, because a very natural bias of self-indulgence is always present to obscure men's views of those things which gratify it. While, in addition to this, an exceedingly clever commercial interest of enormous influence and proportions never ceases to vaunt its power to provide us with "the soundest," "purest," and — most to be suspected of all — with even "medically certified," forms of spirit, wine, and beer; apparently rendering alcoholic products conformable to the requirements of some physiological law supposed to demand their employment, and thus insinuating the semblance of a proof that they are generally valuable, or at least harmless, as an accompaniment of food at our daily meals.

It is not, however, with the evils of "drink" that I propose to deal here: they are thus alluded to because, in making a few observations on the kindred subject of food, I desire to commence with a remark on the comparison, so far as that is possible, between the deleterious effects on the body of erroneous views and practice in regard of drinking, and in regard of eating, respectively.

I have for some years past been compelled by facts which are constantly coming before me, to accept the conclusion that more mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life, accrues to civilized man, so far as I have observed in our own country and throughout western and central Europe, from erroneous habits in eating, than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink, considerable as I know the evil of that to be. I am not sure that a similar comparison might not be made between the respective influence of those agencies in regard of moral evil also; but I have no desire to indulge in speculative assertion, and suspect that an accurate conclusion on this subject may be beyond our reach at present.

It was the perception, during many years of opportunity to observe, of the extreme indifference manifested by the general public to any study of food, and want of acquaintance with its uses and value, together with a growing sense on my own part of the vast importance of diet to the healthy as well as to the sick, which led me in the year 1879 to write two articles in this review entitled "Food and Feeding." And since that date fresh expe-

rience has, I confess, still enhanced my estimate of the value of such knowledge, which indeed it is impossible to exaggerate, when regarding that one object of existence which I suppose all persons desire to attain, viz., an ample duration of time for enjoying the healthy exercise of bodily and mental function. Few would, I presume, consider length of life a boon apart from the possession of fairly good health; but this latter being granted, the desire for a prolonged term of existence appears to be almost universal.

I have come to the conclusion that a proportion amounting at least to more than one-half of the disease which embitters the middle and latter part of life among the middle and upper classes of the population is due to avoidable errors in diet. Further, while such disease renders so much of life, for many, disappointing, unhappy, and profitless, a term of painful endurance; for not a few it shortens life considerably. It would not be a difficult task — and its results if displayed here would be striking — to adduce in support of these views a numerical statement showing causes which prematurely terminate life among the classes referred to in this country, based upon the registrar-general's reports, or by consulting the records of life-assurance experience. I shall not avail myself of these materials in this place, although it would be right to do so in the columns of a medical journal. My object here is to call the attention of the public to certain facts about diet which are insufficiently known, and therefore inadequately appreciated. And I shall assume that ample warrant for the observations made here is within my reach, and can be made available if required.

At the outset of the few and brief remarks which the space at my disposal permits me to make, I shall intimate, speaking in general terms, that I have no sympathy with any dietary system which excludes the present generally recognized sources and varieties of food. It is possible indeed that we may yet add considerably to those we already possess, and with advantage; but there appears to be no reason for dispensing with any one of them. When we consider how varied are the races of man, and how dissimilar are the climatic conditions which affect him, and how in each climate the occupations, the surrounding circumstances, and even the individual peculiarities of the inhabitants, largely differ, we shall be constrained to admit that any one of all the

sources of food hitherto known may be made available, may in its turn become desirable, and even essential to life.

To an inhabitant of the Arctic Circle, for example, a vegetarian diet would be impracticable, because the elements of it cannot be produced in that region; and were it possible to supply him with them, life could not be supported thereby. Animal food in large quantity is necessary to sustain existence in the low temperature to which he is exposed. But I desire to oppose any scheme for circumscribing the food resources of the world, and any form of a statute of limitations to our diet, not merely because it can be proved inapplicable, as in the case of the Esquimaux, under certain local and circumscribed conditions, but because I hold that the principle of limiting mankind to the use of any one class of foods among many is in itself an erroneous one. Thus, for example, while sympathizing to a large extent myself with the practice of what is called "vegetarianism" in diet, and knowing how valuable the exclusive or almost exclusive use of the products of the vegetable kingdom may be for a considerable number of the adult population of our own and of other countries in the temperate zones, and for most of that which inhabits the torrid zone, I object strongly to a dogmatic assertion that such limitation of their food is desirable for any class or body of persons whatever. Moreover, an exclusive or sectarian spirit always creeps in sooner or later, wherever an "ism" of any kind leads the way, which sooner or later brings in its train assertions barely supported by fact, the equivocal use of terms, evasion — in short, untruthfulness, unintended and unperceived by the well-meaning people who, having adopted the "ism," at last suffer quite unconsciously from obscurity of vision, and are in danger of becoming blind partisans.

Thus the term "vegetarian," as used to distinguish a peculiar diet, has no meaning whatever unless it implies that all the articles of food so comprised are to be products of the vegetable kingdom; admitting, of course, the very widest scope to that term. In that sense the vegetable kingdom may be held to embrace all the cereals, as wheat, barley, rye, and oats, maize, rice, and millet; all the leguminous plants — beans, peas, and lentils; all the roots and tubers containing chiefly starch, as the potato, yam, etc.; the plants yielding sago and arrowroot; the sources of sugar in the cane and beet, etc.; all the garden herbs and vegetables; the nuts,

and all the fruits. Then there are the olive and other plants yielding the important element of oil in great abundance. An admirable assortment, to which a few minor articles belong, not necessary to be specified here. An excellent display of foods, which suffice to support life in certain favorable conditions, and which may be served in varied and appetizing forms. And to those who find their dietary within the limits of this list the name of vegetarian is rightly applicable. But such is by no means the practice of the self-styled vegetarians we usually meet with. It was only the other evening, in a crowded drawing-room, that a handsome, well-developed, and manifestly well-nourished girl — "a picture of health" and vigor — informed me with extreme satisfaction that she had been a "vegetarian" for several months, and how thoroughly that dietary system agreed with her. She added that she was recommending all her friends (how natural!) to be vegetarians also, continuing, "And do you not believe I am right?" On all grounds, one could only assure her that she had the appearance of admirably illustrating the theory of her daily life, whatever that might be, adding, "But now will you tell me what your diet consists of?" As happens in nineteen cases out of twenty, my young and blooming vegetarian replied that she took an egg and milk in quantity, besides butter, not only at breakfast, but again in the form of pudding, pastry, fritter, or cake, etc., to say nothing of cheese at each of the two subsequent meals of the day: animal food, it is unnecessary to say, of a choice, and some of it in a concentrated form. To call a person thus fed a vegetarian is a palpable error; to proclaim oneself so almost required a stronger term to denote the departure from accuracy involved. Yet so attractive to some, possessing a moral sense not too punctilious, is the small distinction attained by becoming sectarian, and partisans of a quasi-novel and somewhat questioned doctrine, that an equivocal position is accepted in order to retain if possible the term "vegetarian" as the ensign of a party, the members of which consume abundantly strong animal food, abjuring it only in its grosser forms of flesh and fish. And hence it happens, as I have lately learned, that milk, butter, eggs, and cheese are now designated in the language of "vegetarianism," by the term "animal products," an ingenious but evasive expedient to avoid the necessity for speaking of them as animal food.

Let us, for one moment only, regard milk, with which, on nature's plan, we have all been fed for the first year, or thereabout, of our lives, and during which term we made a larger growth and a more important development than in any other year among the whole tale of the life which has passed, however long it may have been. How, in any sense, can that year of plenty and expansion, which we may have been happy and fortunate enough to owe—an inextinguishable debt—to maternal love and bounty, be said to be a year of "vegetarian diet"? Will any man henceforward dare thus to distinguish the source from which he drew his early life? Unhappily, indeed, for want of wisdom, the natural ration of some infants is occasionally supplemented at an early period by the addition of vegetable matter; but the practice is almost always undesirable, and is generally paid for by a sad and premature experience of indigestion to the helpless baby. Poor baby! who, unlike its progenitors in similar circumstances, while forced to pay the penalty, has not even had the satisfaction of enjoying a delightful but naughty dish beforehand.

The vegetarian restaurant at the Health Exhibition last summer supplied thousands of excellent and nutritious meals at a cheap rate, to the great advantage of its customers; but the practice of insisting with emphasis that "a vegetable diet" was supplied was wholly indefensible, since it contained eggs and milk, butter and cheese, in great abundance.

It is not more than six months since I observed in a well-known weekly journal a list of some half-dozen receipts for dishes recommended on authority as specimens of vegetarian diet. All were savory combinations, and every one contained eggs, butter, milk, and cheese in considerable quantity, the vegetable elements being in comparatively small proportion.

It is incumbent on the supporters of this system of mixed diet to find a term which conveys the truth, that truth being that they abjure the use, as food, of all animal flesh. The words "vegetable" and "vegetarian" have not the remotest claim to express that fact, while they have an express meaning of their own in daily use—namely, the obvious one of designating products of the vegetable kingdom. It may not be easy at once to construct a simple term which differentiates clearly from the true vegetarian the person who also uses various foods belonging to the animal kingdom, and who abjures only

the flesh of animals. But it is high time that we should be spared the obscure language, or rather the inaccurate statement to which milk and egg consumers are committed, in assuming a title which has for centuries belonged to that not inconsiderable body of persons whose habits of life confer the right to use it. And I feel sure that my friends "the vegetarians," living on a mixed diet, will see the necessity of seeking a more appropriate designation to distinguish them; if not, we must endeavor to invent one for them.

But why should we limit by dogma or otherwise man's liberty to select his food and drink? I appreciate the reason for abstaining from alcoholic drinks derived from benevolent motive or religious principle, and entertain for it the highest respect, although I cannot myself claim the merit of self-denial or the credit of setting an example—abstaining, like many others, solely because experience has taught that to act otherwise is manifestly to do myself an injury.

This brings me to the point which I desire to establish, namely, that the great practical rule of life in regard of human diet will not be found in enforcing limitation of the sources of food which nature has abundantly provided. On the contrary, that rule is fulfilled in the perfect development of the art of adapting food of any and every kind to the needs of the body according to the very varied circumstances of the individual, at different ages, with different forms of activity, with different inherent personal peculiarities, and with different environments. This may read at first sight perhaps like a truism; but how important is the doctrine, and how completely it is ignored in the experience of life by most people, it will be my object here to show.

I have already alluded to the fact that the young and rapidly growing infant, whose structures have to be formed on the soft and slender lines laid down before birth, whose organs have to be solidified and expanded at one and the same time, in which tissues of all kinds are formed with immense rapidity and activity, requires animal food ready prepared in the most soluble form for digestion and assimilation. Such a food is milk; and if the human supply is insufficient, we obtain in its place that of the cow, chiefly; and during the first year of life milk constitutes the best form of food. After that time other kinds of nourishment, mostly well-cooked wheaten flour in various shapes, begin to be added to the milk

which long continues to be a staple source of nourishment to the young animal. Eggs, a still more concentrated form of similar food, follow, and ultimately the dietary is enlarged by additions of various kinds, as the growing process continues through youth to puberty, when liberty arrives more or less speedily to do in all such matters "as others do." On reaching manhood, the individual in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred acquires the prevailing habit of his associates, and he feeds after that uniform prescription of diet which prevails, with little disposition to question its suitability to himself. A young fellow in the fulness of health, and habituated to daily active life in the open air, may, under the stimulus of appetite and enjoyment in gratifying it, often largely exceed both in quantity and variety of food what is necessary to supply all the demands of his system, without paying a very exorbitant price for the indulgence. If the stomach is sensitive or not very powerful, it sometimes rejects an extravagant ration of food, either at once or soon after the surfeit has been committed; but if the digestive force is considerable, the meals, habitually superabundant as they may be, are gradually absorbed, and the surplus fund of nutrient material unused is stored up in some form. When a certain amount has been thus disposed of, the capacity for storage varying greatly in different persons, an undesirable balance remains against the feeder, and in young people is mostly rectified by a "bilious attack," through the agency of which a few hours of vomiting and misery square the account. Then the same process of overfeeding recommences with renewed appetite and sensations of invigorated digestion, until in two or three, or five or six weeks, according to the ratio existing between the amount of food ingested and the habit of expending or eliminating it from the body, the recurring attack appears and again clears the system, and so on during several years of life. If the individual takes abundant exercise and expends much energy in the business of life, a large quantity of food can be properly disposed of. Such a person enjoys the pleasure of satisfying a healthy appetite, and doing so with ordinary prudence not only takes no harm, but consolidates the frame and enables it to resist those manifold unseen sources of evil which are prone to affect injuriously the feeble. On the other hand, if he is inactive, takes little exercise, spends most of his time in close air and in a

warm temperature, shaping his diet nevertheless on the liberal scheme just described, the balance of unexpended nutriment soon tells more or less heavily against him, and must be thrown off in some form or another.

After the first half or so of life has passed away, instead of periodical sickness, the unemployed material may be relegated in the form of fat to be stored on the external surface of the body, or be packed among the internal organs, and thus he or she may become corpulent and heavy, if a facility for converting appropriate material into fat is consistent with the constitution of the individual; for some constitutions appear to be without the power of storing fat, however rich the diet or inactive their habits may be. When therefore this process cannot take place, and in many instances also when it is in action, the over-supply of nutritious elements ingested must go somewhere, more or less directly, to produce disease in some other form, probably at first interfering with the action of the liver, and next appearing as gout or rheumatism, or to cause fluxes and obstructions of various kinds. Thus recurring attacks of gout perform the same duty, or nearly so, at this period of life, that the bilious attacks accomplished in youth, only the former process is far more damaging to the constitution and materially injures it. In relation to liver derangement and inordinate fat production, we may see the process rapidly performed before our eyes, if we so desire, in the cellars of Strasburg. For the unfortunate goose which is made by force to swallow more nutritive matter than is good for it in the shape of food which, excellent in appropriate conditions, is noxious to the last degree when not expended by the consumer — I mean good milk and barleymeal — falls a victim in less than a month of this gluttonous living to that form of fatty liver which under the name of *foie gras* offers an irresistible charm to the gourmet at most well-furnished tables.* The animal being thus fed is kept in a close, warm temperature and without exercise, a mode of feeding and a kind of life which one need not after all go to Strasburg to observe, since

* In passing I would strongly commend the condition of those poor beasts to the consideration of the Antivivisection Society, since more disease is artificially produced among them in order to furnish our tables with the *pâté*, than by all the physiologists of Europe who in the interest, not of the human palate, but of human progress as affected by therapeutic knowledge, sometimes propagate and observe certain unknown forms of disease among a few of the lower animals.

it is not difficult to find an approach to it, and to watch the principle carried out, although only to a less considerable extent, anywhere and everywhere around us. Numerous individuals of both sexes, who have no claim by the possession of ornithological characteristics to consanguinity with the animal just named, may be said nevertheless to manifest signs of relation in some sort thereto — not creditable, perhaps, to the goose, the Strasburg dietary being an enforced one — by their habit of absorbing superfluous quantities of nutriment while living a life of inactivity, and of course sooner or later become invalid in body, unhappy in temper, and decrepit in regard of mental power.

For let us observe that there are two forces concerned in this matter of bountiful feeding which must be considered a little further. I have said that a hearty, active young fellow may eat perhaps almost twice as much as he requires to replace the expenditure of his life and repair the loss of the machine in its working without much inconvenience. He, being robust and young, has two functions capable of acting at the maximum degree of efficiency. He has a strong digestion, and can convert a large mass of food into fluid aliment suitable for absorption into the system; that is function the first. But besides this he has the power of bringing into play an active eliminating force, which rids him of all the superfluous materials otherwise destined, as we have seen, to become mischievous in some shape; and that is function the second. To him it is a matter of indifference for a time whether the quantity of material which his food supplies to the body is greater than his ordinary daily expenditure demands, because his energy and activity furnish unstinted opportunities of eliminating the surplus at all times. But the neglect to adjust a due relation between the "income" and the "output" cannot go on forever without signs of mischief in some quarter. A tolerably even correspondence between the two must by some means be maintained to ensure a healthy condition of the body. It is failure to understand, first, the importance of preserving a near approach to equality between the supply of nutriment to the body and the expenditure produced by the activity of the latter; and, secondly, ignorance of the method of attaining this object in practice, which give rise to various forms of disease calculated to em-

bitter and shorten life after the period of prime has passed.

Let it be understood that in the matters of feeding and bodily activity a surplus of unexpended sustenance — here referred to as "the balance" — is by its nature exactly opposite to that which prudent men desire to hold with their bankers in affairs of finance. In this respect we desire to augment the income, endeavoring to confine expenditure within such limits as to maintain a cash balance in our favor to meet exigencies not perhaps foreseen. But in order to preserve our health when that period of blatant, rampant, irrepressible vigor which belongs to youth has passed away, it is time to see that our income of food and our expenditure through such activity as we have constitute an harmonious equality, or nearly so. It is the balance against us of nutritive material which becomes a source of evil. And it is a balance which it is so agreeable and so easy to form, and which often so insidiously augments, unless we are on our guard against the danger. The accumulated stores of aliment, the unspent food, so to speak, which saturate the system are happily often got rid of by those special exercises to which so large a portion of time and energy is devoted by some people. It is to this end that men at home use dumb-bells or heavy clubs, or abroad shoot, hunt, and row, or perform athletic and pedestrian feats, or sweat in Turkish baths, or undergo a drench at some foreign watering place — all useful exercises in their way, but pursued to an extent unnecessary for any other purpose than to eliminate superfluous nutrient materials, which are occasioning derangements in the system, for which these modes of elimination are the most efficient cure, and are thus often ordered by the medical adviser. But as we increase in age — when we have spent, say, our first half-century — less energy and activity remain, and less expenditure can be made; less power to eliminate is possible at fifty than at thirty, still less at sixty and upwards. Less nutriment, therefore, must be taken in proportion as age advances, or rather as activity diminishes, or the individual will suffer. If he continues to consume the same abundant breakfast, substantial lunches, and heavy dinners, which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly either accumulate fat or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy de-

posit of some kind in some part of the body, processes which must inevitably empoison, undermine, or shorten his remaining term of life. He must reduce his "intake," because a smaller expenditure is an enforced condition of existence. At seventy the man's power has further diminished, and the nutriment must correspond thereto, if he desires still another term of comfortable life. And why should he not? Then at eighty, with less activity there must be still less "support." And on this principle he may yet long continue, provided he is not the victim of an inherited taint or vice of system too powerful to be dominated, or that no unhappy accident inflicts a lasting injury on the machine, or no unfortunate exposure to insaniary poison has shaken the frame by long exhausting fever; and then with a fair constitution he may remain free from serious troubles, and active to a right good old age, reaching far beyond the conventional seventy years which were formerly supposed to represent the full limit of man's fruitful life and work on earth.

But how opposed is this system to the favorite popular theory! Have we not all been brought up in the belief that the perfection of conduct consists, truly enough, in temperate habits in youth and middle life, such duty, however, being mostly enforced by the pleasant belief that when age arrived we might indulge in that extra "support" — seductive term, often fruitful of mischief — which the feebleness of advancing years is supposed to deserve? The little sensual luxuries, hitherto forbidden, now suggested by the lips of loving woman, and tendered in the confidence of well doing by affectionate hands, are henceforth to be gratefully accepted, enjoyed, and turned to profit in the evening of our declining years. The extra glass of cordial, the superlatively strong extract of food, are now to become delicate and appropriate aids to the enfeebled frame. Unhappily for this doctrine, it is, on the contrary, precisely at this period that concentrated aliments are not advantageous or wholesome, but are to be avoided as sources generally prolific of trouble. If the cordial glass and the rich food are to be enjoyed at any time, whether prudently or otherwise, like other pleasures they must be indulged when strength and activity are great, in other words, when eliminating power is at its maximum, assuredly not when the circulation is becoming slow and feeble, and the

springs of life are on the ebb. For the flow of blood cannot be driven into any semblance of the youthful torrent by the temporary force of stimulants, nor is it to be overcharged by the constant addition of rich elements which can no longer be utilized. And thus it is impossible to deny that an unsuspected source of discomfort, which in time may become disease, sometimes threatens the head of the household — a source which I would gladly pass over if duty did not compel me to notice it, owing as it is to the sedulous and tender care taken by the devoted, anxious partner of his life, who in secret has long noted and grieved over her lord's declining health and force. She observes that he is now more fatigued than formerly after the labors of the day, is less vigorous for business, for exercise, or for sport, less energetic every way in design and execution. She naturally desires to see him stronger, to sustain the enfeebled power which age is necessarily undermining; and with her there is but one idea, and it is practically embodied in one method — viz., to increase his force by augmenting his nourishment. She remonstrates at every meal at what she painfully feels is the insufficient portion of food he consumes. He pleads in excuse, almost with the consciousness of guilt, that he has really eaten all that appetite permits, but he is besought with plaintive voice and affectionate entreaty "to try and take a little more," and, partly to stay the current of gentle complaint, partly to gratify his companion, and partly, as with a faint internal sigh he may confess to himself, "for peace and comfort's sake," he assents, and with some violence to his nature forces his palate to comply, thus adding a slight burden to the already satiated stomach. Or if perchance endowed with a less compliant nature he is churlish enough to decline the proffered advice, and even to question the value of a cup of strong beef tea, or egg whipped up with sherry, which unsought has pursued him to his study, or been sent to his office between eleven and twelve of the forenoon, and which he knows by experience must if swallowed inevitably impair an appetite for lunch, then not improbably he will fall a victim to his solicitous helpmeet's well-meaning designs in some other shape. There is the tasteless calf's-foot jelly, of which a portion may be surreptitiously introduced into a bowl of tea with small chance that its presence will be detected, especially if accompanied

by a good modicum of cream; or the little cup of cocoa or of coffee masking an egg well beaten and smoothly blended to tempt the palate — types of certain small diplomatic exercises, delightful, first, because they are diplomatic and not direct in execution; and, secondly, because the supporting system has been triumphantly maintained, my lord's natural and instinctive objections thereto notwithstanding.

But the loving wife — for whom my sympathy is not more profound than is my sorrow for her almost incurable error in relation to this single department of her duty — is by no means the only source of fallacious counsel to the man whose strength is slowly declining with age. We might almost imagine him to be the object of a conspiracy, so numerous are the temptations which beset him on every side. The daily and weekly journals display column after column of advertisements, enumerating all manner of edibles and drinkables, and loudly trumpeting their virtues, the chief of which is always declared to be the abundance of some quality averred to be at once medicinal and nutritious. Is it bread that we are conjured to buy? Then it is warranted to contain some chemical element; let it be, for example, "the phosphate in large proportion" — a mysterious term which the advertising tradesman has for some time past employed to signify a precious element, the very elixir of life, which somehow or other he has led the public to associate with the nutriment of the brain and nervous system, and vaunts accordingly. He has evidently caught the notion from the advertising druggist, who loudly declares his special forms of half-food, half-physic, or his medicated preparations of beef and mutton, to contain the elements of nutrition in the highest form of concentration, among which have mostly figured the aforesaid "phosphates" — as if they were not among the most common and generally prevalent of the earthly constituents of all our food! Then, lest haply a stomach, unaccustomed to the new and highly concentrated materials, should, as is not improbable, find itself unequal to the task of digesting and absorbing them, a portion of gastric juice, borrowed for the occasion, mostly from the pig, is associated therewith to meet, if possible, that difficulty, and so to introduce the nourishment by hook or by crook into the system. I don't say the method described may not be useful in certain cases, and on the advice of the experienced physician, for a

patient exhausted by disease, whose salvation may depend upon the happy combination referred to. But it is the popular belief in the impossibility of having too much of that or of any such good thing, provided only it consists of nutritious food, that the advertiser appeals to, and appeals successfully, and with such effect that the credulous public is being gulled to an enormous extent.

Then even our drink must now be nutritious! Most persons might naturally be aware that the primary object of drink is to satisfy thirst, which means a craving for the supply of water to the tissues — the only fluid they demand and utilize when the sensation in question is felt. Water is a solvent of solids, and is more powerful to this end when employed free from admixture with any other solid material. It may be flavored, as in tea and otherwise, without impairing its solvent power, but when mixed with any concrete matter, as in chocolate, thick cocoa, or even with milk, its capacity for dissolving — the very quality for which it was demanded — is in great part lost. So plentiful is nutriment in solid food, that the very last place where we should seek that quality is the drink which accompanies the ordinary meal. Here at least we might hope to be free from an exhortation to nourish ourselves, when desirous only to allay thirst or moisten our solid morsels with a draught of fluid. Not so; there are even some persons who must wash down their ample slices of roast beef with draughts of new milk! — an unwisely devised combination even for those of active habit, but for men and women whose lives are little occupied by exercise it is one of the greatest dietary blunders which can be perpetrated.

One would think it was generally known that milk is a peculiarly nutritive fluid, adapted for the fast growing and fattening young mammal — admirable for such, for our small children, also serviceable to those whose muscular exertion is great, and, when it agrees with the stomach, to those who cannot take meat. For us who have long ago achieved our full growth, and can thrive on solid fare, it is altogether superfluous and mostly mischievous as a drink.

Another agent in the combination to maintain for the man of advancing age his career of flesh-eater is the dentist. Nothing is more common at this period of life than to hear complaints of indigestion experienced, so it is affirmed, because mas-

tication is imperfectly performed for want of teeth. The dentist deftly repairs the defective implements, and the important function of chewing the food can be henceforth performed with comfort. But without any intention to justify a doctrine of final causes, I would point out the significant fact that the disappearance of the masticating powers is mostly coincident with the period of life when that species of food which most requires their action — viz., solid animal fibre — is little, if at all, required by the individual. It is during the latter third of his career that the softer and lighter foods, such as well-cooked cereals, some light mixed animal and vegetable soups, and also fish, for which teeth are barely necessary, are particularly valuable and appropriate. And the man with imperfect teeth who conforms to nature's demand for a mild, non-stimulating dietary in advanced years will mostly be blessed with a better digestion and sounder health than the man who, thanks to his artificial machinery, can eat and does eat as much flesh in quantity and variety as he did in the days of his youth. Far be it from me to undervalue the truly artistic achievements of a clever and experienced dental surgeon, or the comfort which he affords. By all means let us have recourse to his aid when our natural teeth fail, for the purpose of vocal articulation, to say nothing of their relation to personal appearance: on such grounds the artificial substitutes rank among the necessities of life in a civilized community. Only let it be understood that the chief end of teeth, so far as mastication is concerned, has in advancing age been to a great extent accomplished, and that they are now mainly useful for the purposes just named. But I cannot help adding that there are some grounds for the belief that those who have throughout life from their earliest years consumed little or no flesh, but have lived on a diet chiefly or wholly vegetarian, will be found to have preserved their teeth longer than those who have always made flesh a prominent part of their daily food.

Then there is that occasional visit to the tailor, who, tape in hand, announces in commercial monotone to the listening clerk the various measurements of our girth, and congratulates us on the gradual increase thereof. He never in his life saw you looking so well, and "fancy, sir, you are another inch below your armpits" — a good deal below — "since last year!" insidiously intimating that in another year

or so you will have nearly as fine a chest as Heenan. And you, poor, deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your increasing size is an equivalent to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval. Ten years have now passed away since you were forty, and by weight twelve stone and a half — a fair proportion for your height and build. Now you turn the scale to one stone more, every ounce of which is fat: extra weight to be carried through all the labors of life. If you continue your present dietary and habits, and live five or seven years more, the burden of fat will be doubled; and that insinuating tailor will be still congratulating you. Meantime you are "running the race of life" — a figure of speech less appropriate to you at the present moment than it formerly was — handicapped by a weight which makes active movement difficult, up-stair ascents troublesome, respiration thick and panting. Not one man in fifty lives to a good old age in this condition. The typical man of eighty or ninety years, still retaining a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is lean and spare, and lives on slender rations. Neither your heart nor your lungs can act easily and healthily, being oppressed by the gradually gathering fat around. And this because you continue to eat and drink as you did, or even more luxuriously than you did, when youth and activity disposed of that moiety of food which was consumed over and above what the body required for sustenance. Such is the import of that balance of unexpended aliment which your tailor and your foolish friends admire, and the gradual disappearance of which, should you recover your senses and diminish it, they will still deplore, half frightening you back to your old habits again by saying: "You are growing thin; *what can be the matter with you?*" Insane and mischievous delusion!

It is interesting to observe that the principle I have thus endeavored to illustrate and support, little as it is in accordance with the precept and practice of modern authority, was clearly enunciated so long ago as the sixteenth century. The writings of Luigi Cornaro, who was born of noble family in Venice soon after the middle of the fifteenth century, and was contemporary for seventy years with Titian, wrote his first essay on the subject of regimen and diet for the aged when eighty-

three years of age, producing three others during the subsequent twelve years.* His object was to show that, with increasing age and diminished powers, a corresponding decrease in the quantity of food must be taken in order to preserve health. He died at Padua, "without any agony, sitting in an elbow chair, being above an hundred years old."

Thus he writes:—

There are old lovers of feeding who say that it is necessary they should eat and drink a great deal to keep up their natural heat, which is constantly diminishing as they advance in years; and that it is, therefore, their duty to eat heartily, and of such things as please their palate, be they hot, cold, or temperate; and that, were they to lead a sober life, it would be a short one. To this I answer that our kind mother, Nature, in order that old men may live still to a greater age, has contrived matters so that they should be able to subsist on little, as I do, for large quantities of food cannot be digested by old and feeble stomachs. . . . By always eating little the stomach, not being much burthened, need not wait long to have an appetite. It is for this reason that dry bread relishes so well with me; and I know it from experience, and can with truth affirm, I find such sweetness in it that I should be afraid of sinning against temperance, were it not for my being convinced of the absolute necessity of eating of it, and that we cannot make use of a more natural food. And thou, kind parent Nature, who actest so lovingly by thy aged offspring, in order to prolong his days, hast contrived matters so in his favor, that he can live upon very little; and, in order to add to the favor, and do him still greater service, hast made him sensible, that, as in his youth he used to eat twice a day, when he arrives at old age he ought to divide that food, of which he was accustomed before to make but two meals, into four; because, thus divided, it will be more easily digested; and, as in his youth he made but two collations in the day, he should, in his old age, make four, provided, however, he lessens the quantity as his years increase.

And this is what I do, agreeably to my own experience; and, therefore, my spirits, not oppressed by much food, but barely kept up, are always brisk, especially after eating, so that I am obliged then to sing a song, and afterwards to write.

Nor do I ever find myself the worse for writing immediately after meals, nor is my un-

derstanding ever clearer, nor am I apt to be drowsy, the food I take being in too small a quantity to send up any fumes to the brain. Oh, how advantageous it is to an old man to eat but little! Accordingly I, who know it, eat but just enough to keep body and soul together.

Cornaro ate of all kinds of food, animal as well as vegetable, but in very small quantity, and he drank moderately of the light wine of his country, diminishing his slender rations as age increased. I am quite aware that I am reciting a story which must be familiar to some of the readers of this review. But it is by no means widely known, and is too apt an example of the value of the law under consideration not to be referred to here.

It must now be clearly understood, as a general rule for men at all ages, that the amount of food ingested ought to accord within certain narrow limits with the amount of force employed for the purposes of daily life. But there is a certain qualification, apparent but not real, of the principle thus enunciated which must be referred to here, in order to prevent misunderstanding or misinterpretation of my meaning in relation to one particular. It is right and fitting that a certain amount of storage material, or balance, should exist as a reserve in the constitution of every healthy man. Every healthy individual indeed necessarily possesses a stored amount of force, which will stand him in good stead when a demand arises for prolonged unusual exertion, or when any period of enforced starvation occurs, as during a lingering fever or other exhausting disease. The existence of this natural and healthy amount of reserved force is of course presupposed throughout all my remarks, and its extreme value is taken for granted. That undue amount of stored nutriment, that balance which has been referred to as prejudicial to the individual, is a quantity over and above the natural reserve produced by high health; for when augmented beyond that point, the material takes the form of diseased deposit, and ceases to be an available source of nutriment. Even the natural amount of store or reserve is prone to exceed the necessary limit in those who are healthy or nearly so. Hence it is that in all systems of training for athletic exploits—which is simply a process of acquiring the highest degree of health and strength attainable, in view of great or prolonged exertion—some loss of weight is almost invariably incurred in

* *Discorsi della Vita Sobria*, del Signor Luigi Cornaro. An English edition, with translation, was published by Benjamin White, at Horace's Head, in Fleet Street, London, 1768. Cornaro's first work was published in Padua in 1558. In his last, a letter written to Barbaro, patriarch of Aquileia, he gives a description of his health and vigor when ninety-five years old. A paper in "The Spectator" was one of the first notices of him in this country. See vol. iii., No. 195.

developing a perfect condition. In other words, almost any man who sets himself to acquire by every means in his power the best health possible for his system, does in the process necessary thereto throw off redundant materials, the presence of which is not consistent with the high standard of function required. Thus what is sometimes called "overtraining" is a condition in which the storage is reduced too much, and some weakening is incurred thereby; while "undertraining" implies that the useless fatty and other matters have not been sufficiently got rid of, so that the athlete is encumbered by unnecessary weight, and is liable to needless embarrassments, telling against his chances in more ways than one. The exact and precise balance between the two conditions is the aim of the judicious trainer.

We are thus led to the next important consideration, namely, that although broad rules or principles of diet may be enunciated as applicable to different classes of people in general, no accurate adaptation to the individual is possible without a knowledge of his daily habits and life, as well as to some extent of his personal peculiarities. No man, for example, can tell another what he can or ought to eat, without knowing what are the habits of life and work — mental and bodily — of the person to be advised. Notwithstanding which, no kind of counsel is more frequently tendered in common conversation by one stranger with another, than that which concerns the choice of food and drink. The adviser feels himself warranted by the experience that some particular combination of nourishment suits his own stomach, to infer without hesitation that this dish will be therefore acceptable to the stomachs of all his neighbors. Surely the intelligence of such a man is as slender as his audacity and presumption are large. It would not be more preposterous if, having with infinite pains obtained a last representing precisely the size and the peculiarities in form of his own foot, he forthwith solemnly assured all other persons to adopt boots made upon that model, and on none other. Only it may be assumed that there is probably more difference between stomachs and their needs among different individuals, than among the inferior extremities referred to for the purpose of illustration. Thus, in regard of expenditure of food, how great is the difference between that of a man who spends ten or

twelve hours of the day at the work of a navvy, as an agricultural laborer in harvest time, or in draining or trenching land, as a sawyer, a railway porter, or a bricklayer's laborer, or let me add that of an ardent sportsman, as compared with the expenditure of a clerk who is seated at the desk, of individuals engaged in literary and artistic pursuits, demanding a life mostly sedentary and spent indoors, with no exercise but that which such persons voluntarily take as a homage to hygienic duty, and for a short period borrowed at some cost from engagements which claim most of their time and nearly all their energies. While the manual laborers rarely consume more food than they expend, and are, if not injured by drink, or by undue exposure to the weather, mostly hale and hearty in consequence, the latter are often martyrs to continued minor ailments, which gradually increase, and make work difficult, and life dreary. Few people will believe how easy it is in most instances to meet the difficulty by adopting appropriate food, and that such brainworkers can really enjoy a fair degree of health and comfort by living on light food, which does not require much force to digest, and much muscular activity to assimilate; a diet, moreover, which is important to some of these from another point of view — the financial one — inasmuch as it is at least less costly by one half than the conventional meals which habit or custom prescribes alike to large classes of men in varied conditions of life. But there is another and more important economic gain yet to be named, as realizable through the use of a light and simple dietary. It is manifested by the fact that a greater expenditure of nerve power is demanded for the digestion of heavy meat meals, than for the lighter repasts which are suitable to the sedentary; from which fact it results of course that this precious power is reserved for more useful and more delightful pursuits than that of mere digestion, especially when this is not too well performed.

But those who have little time for exercise, and are compelled to live chiefly within doors, must endeavor to secure, or should have secured for them as far as possible by employers, by way of compensation, a regular supply of fresh air without draughts, an atmosphere as free from dust and other impurities as can be obtained, with a good supply of light, and some artificial warmth when needed. These necessities granted, cereal foods,

such as well-made bread in variety, and vegetable produce, including fruits, should form a great part of the diet consumed, with a fair addition of eggs and milk if no meat is taken, and little of other animal food than fish. On such a dietary, and without alcoholic stimulants, thousands of such workers as I have briefly indicated may enjoy with very little exercise far better health and more strength than at present they experience on meat and heavy puddings, beer, baker's bread, and cheese. Of course there are workers who belong to neither of the two extreme classes indicated, and whose habits cannot be described as sedentary, but who occupy a middle place between the two. For such, some corresponding modification of the dietary is naturally appropriate. But it is a vulgar error to regard meat in any form as necessary to life; if for any it is necessary, it is for the hard-working outdoor laborers above referred to, and for these a certain proportion is no doubt desirable. Animal flesh is useful also as a concentrated form of nutriment, valuable for its portability; and for the small space it occupies in the stomach, unrivalled in certain circumstances. Like every other description of food, it is highly useful in its place, but is by no means necessary for a large proportion of the population. To many it has become partially desirable only by the force of habit, and because their digestive organs have thus been trained to deal with it, and at first resent a change. But this being gradually made, adaptation takes place, and the individual who has consumed two or three meat meals daily with some little discomfort, chiefly from being often indisposed to make active exertions, becomes, after sufficient time has elapsed, stronger, lighter, and happier, as well as better tempered, and manifestly healthier, on the more delicate dietary sketched. People in general have very inadequate ideas of the great power of habit alone in forming what they believe to be innate personal peculiarities, or in creating conditions which are apparently part of a constitutional necessity, laws of their nature and essential to their existence. Many of these peculiarities are solely due to habit, that is, to long continuance in a routine of action, adopted it may be without motive or design; and people are apt to forget that if a routine of a precisely opposite character had been adopted, precisely opposite conditions would have been established, and opposite peculiari-

ties would have become dominant, as their contraries are now. Alterations in the dietary, especially of elderly persons, should be made gradually and with caution. This condition fulfilled, a considerable change may be effected with satisfactory results, when circumstances render it necessary. To revert once more to the question of flesh-eating, it should be remarked that it appears to be by no means a natural taste with the young. Few children like that part of the meal which consists of meat, but prefer the pudding, the fruit, the vegetables, if well dressed, which unhappily is not often the case. Many children manifest great repugnance to meat at first, and are coaxed and even scolded by anxious mothers until the habit of eating it is acquired. Adopting the insular creed, which regards beef and mutton as necessary to health and strength, the mother often suffers from groundless forebodings about the future of a child who rejects flesh, and manifests what is regarded as an unfortunate partiality for bread and butter and pudding. Nevertheless I am satisfied, if the children followed their own instinct in that matter, the result would be a gain in more ways than one. Certainly if meat did not appear in the nursery until the children sent for it, it would be rarely seen there, and the young ones would as a rule thrive better on milk and eggs, with the varied produce of the vegetable kingdom.

A brief allusion must be made to the well-known and obvious fact that the surrounding temperature influences the demand for food, which therefore should be determined as regards quantity or kind according to the climate inhabited, or the season of the year as it affects each climate. In hot weather the dietary should be lighter, in the understood sense of the term, than in cold weather. The sultry period of our summer, although comparatively slight and of short duration, is nevertheless felt by some persons to be extremely oppressive; but this is mainly due to the practice of eating much animal food or fatty matters, conjoined as it often is with the habit of drinking freely of fluids containing a small quantity of alcohol. Living on cereals, vegetables, and fruit, with some proportion of fish, and abstaining from alcoholic drinks, the same persons would probable enjoy the high temperature, and be free from the thirst which is the natural result of consuming needlessly substantial and heating food.

There is a very common term, familiar

by daily use, conveying unmistakably to every one painful impressions regarding those who manifest the discomforts indicated by it — I mean the term indigestion. The first sign of what is so called may appear even in childhood; not being the consequence of any stomach disorder, but solely of some error in diet, mostly the result of eating too freely of rich compounds in which sugar and fatty matters are largely present. These elements would not be objectionable if they formed part of a regular meal, instead of being consumed as they mostly are between meals, already abounding in every necessary constituent.

Sugar and fat are elements of value in children's food, and naturally form a considerable portion of it, entering largely into the composition of milk, which nature supplies for the young and growing animal. The indigestion of the child mostly terminates rapidly by ejection of the offending matter. But the indigestion of the adult is less acutely felt and is less readily disposed of. Uneasiness and incapacity for action, persisting for some time after an ordinary meal, indicate that the stomach is acting imperfectly on the materials which have been put into it. These signs manifest themselves frequently, and if nature's hints that the food is inappropriate are not taken, they become more serious. Temporary relief is easily obtained by medicine; but if the unfortunate individual continues to blame his stomach, and not the dietary he selects, the chances are that his troubles will continue, or appear in some other form. At length, if unenlightened on the subject, he becomes "a martyr to indigestion," and resigns himself to the unhappy fate, as he terms it, of "the confirmed dyspeptic."

Such a victim may perhaps be surprised to learn that nine out of ten persons so affected are probably not the subjects of any complaint whatever, and that the stomach at any rate is by no means necessarily faulty in its action — in short, that what is popularly termed "indigestion" is rarely a disease in any sense of the word, but merely the natural result of errors in diet. For most men it is the penalty of conformity to the eating habits of the majority; and a want of disposition or of enterprise to undertake a trial of simpler foods than those around them consume, probably determines the continuance of their unhappy troubles. In many instances it must be confessed that the

complaint, if so it must be called, results from error, not in the quality of the food taken, but in the quantity. Eating is an agreeable process for most people, and under the influence of very small temptation, or through undue variety furnishing a source of provocation to the palate, a considerable proportion of nutritious material above what is required by the system is apt to be swallowed. Then it is also to be remembered that stomachs which vary greatly in their capacity and power to digest, may all nevertheless be equally healthy and competent to exercise every necessary function. In like manner we know that human brains which are equally sound and healthy, often differ vastly in power and in activity. Thus a stomach which would be slandered by a charge of incompetence to perform easily all that it is in duty bound to accomplish, may be completely incapable of digesting a small excess beyond that natural limit. Hence, with such an organ an indigestion is inevitable when this limit is only slightly exceeded. And so when temptations are considerable, and frequently complied with, the disturbance may be, as it is with some, very serious in degree. How very powerful a human stomach may sometimes be, and how large a task in the way of digestion it may sometimes perform without complaint, is known to those who have had the opportunity of observing what certain persons with exceptional power are accustomed to take as food, and do take for a long time apparently with impunity. But these are stomachs endowed with extraordinary energy, and woe be to the individual with a digestive apparatus of moderate power who attempts to emulate the performance of a neighbor at table who perchance may be furnished with such an effective digestive apparatus.

But, after all, let not the weaker man grieve overmuch at the uneven lot which the gods seem to have provided for mortals here below in regard of this function of digestion. There is a compensation for him which he has not considered, or perhaps even heard of, although he is so moderately endowed with peptic force. A delicate stomach which can just do needful work for the system and no more, by necessity performs the function of a careful door porter at the entrance of the system, and like a jealous guardian inspects with discernment all who aspire to enter the interior, rejecting the unfit and the unbidden, and all the common herd.

On the other hand, a stomach with su-

perfluous power, of whom its master boastfully declaims that it can "digest tenpenny nails," and that he is unaccustomed to consult its likes and its dislikes if it have any, is like a careless hall porter who admits all comers, every pretender, and among the motley visitors many whose presence is damaging to the interior. These powerful feeders after a time suffer from the unexpended surplus, and pay for their hardy temerity in becoming amenable to penalty, often suddenly declared by the onset of some serious attack, demanding complete change in regimen, a condition more or less grave. On the other hand, the owner of the delicate stomach, a man perhaps with a habit of frequently complaining of slight troubles, and always careful, will probably in the race of life, as regards the preceding pilgrim, take the place of the tortoise as against the hare. It is an old proverb that "the creaking wheel lasts longest," and on that is certainly true as regards a not powerful but nevertheless healthy stomach, which is carefully treated by its owner; to whom this fact may be acceptable as a small consolation for the possession of a delicate organ.

For it is a kind of stomach which not seldom accompanies a fine organization. The difference is central, not local; a difference in the nervous system chiefly; the impressionable mental structure, the instrument of strong emotions, must necessarily be allied with a stomach to which the supply of nerve power for digestion is sometimes temporarily deficient and always perhaps capricious. There are more sources than one of compensation to the owner of an active, impressionable brain, with a susceptible stomach possessing only moderate digestive capabilities—sources altogether beyond the imagination of many a coarse feeder and capable digester.

But it is not correct, and it is on all grounds undesirable, to regard the less powerful man as a sufferer from indigestion, that is, as liable to any complaint to be so termed. True indigestion, as a manifestation of diseased stomach, is comparatively quite rare, and I have not one word to say of it here, which would not be the fitting place if I had. Not one person in a hundred who complains of indigestion has any morbid affection of the organs engaged in assimilating his food. As commonly employed, the word "indigestion" denotes, not a disease, but an admonition. It means that the individual

so complaining has not yet found his appropriate diet: that he takes food unsuited for him, or too much of it. The food may be "wholesome enough in itself," a popular phrase permitted to appear here, first, because it conveys a meaning perceived by every one, although the idea is loosely expressed; but secondly, and chiefly, for the purpose of pointing out the fallacy which underlies it. There is no food "wholesome in itself;" and there is no fact which people in general are more slow to comprehend. That food only is wholesome which is so to the individual; and no food can be wholesome to any given number of persons. Milk, for example, may agree admirably with me, and may as certainly invariably provoke an indigestion for my neighbor; and the same may be said of almost every article of our ordinary dietary. The wholesomeness of a food consists solely in its adaptability to the individual, and this relation is governed mainly by the influences of his age, activity, surroundings, and temperament or personal peculiarities.

Indigestion, therefore, does not necessarily, or indeed often, require medicine for its removal. Drugs, and especially small portions of alcoholic spirit, are often used for the purpose of stimulating the stomach temporarily to perform a larger share of work than by nature it is qualified to undertake; a course which is disadvantageous for the individual if persisted in. The effect on the stomach is that of the spur on the horse: it accelerates the pace, but "it takes it out" of the animal; and if the practice is long continued, shortens his natural term of efficiency.

It is an erroneous idea that a simple form of dietary, such as the vegetable kingdom in the largest sense of the term furnishes, in conjunction with a moderate proportion of the most easily digested forms of animal food, may not be appetizing and agreeable to the palate. On the contrary I am prepared to maintain that it may be easily served in forms highly attractive, not only to the general but to a cultivated taste. A preference for the high flavors and stimulating scents peculiar to the flesh of vertebrate animals, mostly subsides after a fair trial of milder foods when supplied in variety. And it is an experience almost universally avowed, that the desire for food is keener, that the satisfaction in gratifying appetite is greater and more enjoyable, on the part of the general light feeder, than with the almost exclusively flesh-feeder. For this

designation is applicable to almost all those who compose the middle-class population of this country. They consume little bread and few vegetables; all the savory dishes are of flesh, with decoctions of flesh alone for soup. The sweets are compounds of suet, lard, butter, eggs, and milk, with very small quantities of flour, rice, arrowroot, etc., which comprise all the vegetable constituents besides some fruit and sugar. Three-fourths at least of the nutrient matters consumed are from the animal kingdom. A reversal of the proportions named, that is, a fourth only from the latter source with three-fourths of vegetable produce, would furnish greater variety for the table, tend to maintain a clearer palate, increased zest for food, a lighter and more active brain, and a better state of health for most people not engaged on the most laborious employments of active life. While even for the last named, with due choice of material, ample sustenance in the proportions named may be supplied. For some inactive, sedentary, and aged persons the small proportion of animal food indicated might be advantageously diminished. I am frequently told by individuals of sixty years and upwards that they have no recollection of any previous period since reaching mature age, at which they have possessed a keener relish for food than that which they enjoy at least once or twice a day since they have adopted the dietary thus described; such appetite at all events as has rarely offered itself during years preceding, when the choice of food was conventionally limited to the unvarying progression and array of mutton and beef, in joint, chop, and steak, arriving after a strong meat soup, with a possible interlude of fish, and followed by puddings of which the ingredients are chiefly derived from animal sources. The penetrating odors of meat cookery which announce their presence by escape from the kitchen, and will pervade the air of other rooms in any private house but a large one, and which are encountered in clubs, restaurants, and

hotels without stint, alone suffice to blunt the inclination for food of one who, returning from daily occupation fatigued and fastidious, desires food easy of digestion, attractive in appearance, and unassociated with any element of a repulsive character. The light feeder knows nothing of the annoyances described, finds on his table that which is delightful to a palate sensitive to mild impressions, and indisposed to gross and over-powerful ones. After the meal is over, his wit is fresher, his temper more cheerful, and he takes his easy chair to enjoy fireside talk, and not to sink into a heavy slumber, which an awakening is but exchanged for a sense of discontent or stupidity.

The doctrine thus briefly and inadequately expounded in this paper may probably encounter some opposition and adverse criticism. I am quite content that this should be so. Every proposal which disturbs the current habits of the time, especially when based on long prevalent custom, infallibly encounters that fate. But of the general truth, and hence of the ultimate reception of the principles I have endeavored to illustrate, here cannot be the faintest doubt. And I know that this result, whenever it may be accomplished, will largely diminish the painful affections which unhappily so often appear during the latter moiety of adult life. And having during the last few years widely inculcated such general dietetic principles and practice, with abundant grounds for my growing conviction of their value, it appears to be a duty to call attention to them somewhat more emphatically than in preceding contributions already referred to. In so doing I have expressly limited myself to statements relating to those simple elementary facts concerning our every-day life, which ought to be within the knowledge of every man, and therefore such as may most fitly be set forth in a publication outside of that field of special and technical record which is devoted to professional observation and experience.

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